CIRCULATION LAST WEEK 100,000! Sample Copies Sent Free to Any Address

TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

THE GREATEST NATIONAL Weekly Newspaper in the United States.

FOUNDED IN 1836. TOLEDO, OHIO: THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1896. VOL. LXIV: NO. 9.

Poetry.

PITCHFORK BEN.

When the garbage from the gutters
Flames and crackles, sings and splutters,
Boils and bowls, and roars and mutters,
In the fierceness of my fire;
When the steaming stench cuticlasses
All mephitic reek of gases
That pertume hell's ghastly pas es,
Then I bow up in mine ire.

Having greased each bolt and pulley
With the oil of vitriol fully,
Till they glide and rotate fully,
Then I start me up like sin;
Whoop! the Senate chamber's quaking,
Hearts are stopping, heads are aching,
With the noise my wheels are making
With their swift and thunderous spin.

Round and round they're whirling, crashing,
Plutocrats and goodbugs smashing,
Crunching, grinding, rounding, lashing
Money power satellites;
While my mouth with vast hiatus
Belches forth a rank afflatus,
And my lingual apparatus
Scorches, withers, bans, and blights.

I'm a rattlesnake, a howling
One-eyed wolf, a grizzly growling,
A blood-sniffing tiger yowling,
I'm the baddest of bad men;
D—n it! when I git to squalling,
Yapping, yawping, blowing, bawling,
People say, "Ain't he appalling?
He's a tough one, Pitchfork Ben!"

Yip! Just hear them wheels a-churning,
Whizzing, whining, rattling, turning;
Oof! Just smell the garbage burning.
Ain't I a sort of a machine?
In the way of good, straight yelling,
Wheel rotation, evil swelling,
Miscellaneous general helling,
I beat all 't was ever seen.
—New York Sun.

THE TALE OF A SHARK.

A shark walked out of the sea one night
When the moon was riding high,
And he said: "This is just the night for me,
For I see there's a mackerel sky."

So he waddled along till he came to a wood,
Where, perched on an oak-tree limb,
Six youthful frogs sat in a row
Chanting their evening hymn.

"Good evening, friends," said the sly old shark,
"You sing with feeling and force;
But the hour grows late and the wind is chill,
And I fear you are getting hoarse.

"Come down," he said, "where the earth is warm,
Sing treble and I'll sing bass."
Then, all unseen, such a horrible smile
Spread over the creature's face.

So one by one those foolish frogs
Dropped into the maw beneath,
And as each one fell he sighed—"Yum-Yum—"
And complacently picked his teeth.

And waddling back to the sea he said:
"I'm fiers and fond of hymns—
And it's oh, for a mackerel sky, say I,
When the frogs roost low on the limbs!"
—Life.

BEDTIME.

Three little girls are weary,
Weary of books and of play;
Sad is the world and dreary,
Slowly the time slips away.
Six little feet are aching,
Bowed is each little head,
Yet they are up and shaking
When there is mention of bed.

Bravely they laugh and chatter,
Just for a minute or two;
Then, when they end their clatter,
Sleep comes quickly to woo.
Slowly their eyes are closing,
Down again drops ev'ry head,
Three little maids are dozing,
Though they're not ready for bed.

That is their method ever,
Night after night they protest,
Claiming they're sleepy, never,
Never in need of their rest;
Nodding and almost dreaming,
Drowsily each little head
Still is forever scheming,
Merely to keep out of bed.
—Chicago Post.

Miscellany.

A PHILOSOPHIC BOARDER.

A Leaf From the History of a Boarding House.

Mr. Faddles, which is not his real name, sat in the small hall bed-room of his boarding-house, not more than four hundred and seventy-five miles from the northwest corner of the patent office, with his blue fingers over the lamp chimney, when a knock resounded upon his door. It was a knock to startle, but it didn't startle Mr. Faddles. He was afraid to be startled, lest any sudden movement would break him in two, so nearly frozen brittle was he.

"Come in," he called.

"Good evening," said a lady, curtly, as she opened the door in response to the invitation of Mr. Faddles.

It was the landlady, but this did not startle Mr. Faddles. He was accustomed to his landlady.

"Take this chair, Mrs. Spuddington," said Mr. Faddles rising and crowding over to the wall, in order to give the landlady a chance not to get pinched. "It is the only chair I have in the room at present, but I fancy you don't care for more than one at a time. A person, you know, very rarely does," and Mr. Faddles smiled thinly. "I never do. You will at least, find it warm, which is, I am sorry to say, not a striking characteristic of the temperature of the room."

Mrs. Spuddington, which is not her real name, took the chair, and Mr. Faddles leaned up against the wall, getting as close to the lamp as he could.

"I came in, Mr. Faddles," said the lady severely, and without thanking him for the chair, "to ask you about the board bill you owe me."

"It is very kind of you, I am sure," said Mr. Faddles.

"I don't know that it is," she replied, in a discouraging tone.

"But it is," insisted Mr. Faddles. "I am sure I would never have thought of going to see you about it. But then," added Mr. Faddles, in self-deprecation, "you were always so thoughtful, Mrs. Spuddington."

"I guess not," she laughed disagreeably, and with reference especially to his not coming to see her about it.

"May I ask," he inquired, with great deference, "how much it is?"

"Twenty-two dollars and fifty cents."

"Why," exclaimed Mr. Faddles in gentle surprise, "it seems to be growing."

"I should say it was growing," she snapped. "When are you going to pay it?"

"Just as soon as I can." This with confidence.

"That's what you told me when it was fifteen dollars."

"Yes, I believe I did," admitted Mr. Faddles.

"And it is more now."

"Yes," he confessed with contrition, "seven dollars and a half more, and my ability to liquidate is decreased by just that much."

Mrs. Spuddington was becoming angry.

"What I want to know is, are you going to pay, ever?" she said, bouncing around in Mr. Faddles' chair.

"Of course I am," asserted Mr. Faddles.

"Well, all I have to say is you'll pay or you'll get out."

"Then you will lose it," argued Mr. Faddles, "because if I can't pay it now, how can I pay you when I am owing some other landlady to whom you have driven me?"

This was putting it in a different light.

"I'd rather lose twenty-two dollars and a half than forty-two and a half," she said.

"Then I'll get out."

"No, you won't either," contended Mrs. Spuddington after the manner of women in an argument, "you'll stay here till you pay it if it takes a year."

Mr. Faddles's face brightened.

"All right," he responded, changing his position for one more comfortable, "That being settled, let us talk about something more agreeable."

"No, we won't either," she contended with spirit. "We'll talk about that board bill."

"Very well madam," agreed Mr. Faddles with the same imperturable good nature. What phase of it would you like best to discuss?"

"It's too cold here to discuss anything," shivered the landlady. "Come down stairs to my room, where it is warmer," and Mr. Faddles obediently followed Mrs. Spuddington down stairs, pondering as he went along on how much better it was for a boarder not to owe his board and have the landlady make it hot for him, than it was to pay promptly and freeze stiff in a little hall bed room with nothing to keep him warm except a pocketful of receipted bills.—Washington Star.

Knowing.

Atherta—He must be in earnest, and those places where his letter sticks together must be tears.

Alethea—They're not tears, but they prove positively that he loves me—they are where he dipped his pen in the mucilage.—Judge.

A Sad Case.

"I would be mighty willin' to work," Mr. Dismal Dawson explained, "if I was only able."

"You look able-bodied enough," said the sharp nosed lady. "What is there to prevent your working?"

"Me pride."—Indianapolis Journal.

"MY BRIGHTEST SPEECH, AND HOW I MADE IT."

"A statesman is a successful politician who is dead," drawled Thomas B. Reed upon the floor of the Senate in answer to the fiery question of an opponent, as to what he considered the necessary qualifications of a statesman.

"That was the best thing I ever said," said Reed afterwards, thinking it over. "It was better than I meant it to be. I wasn't wanting to waste such good ammunition on small game. That is the man who said he'd rather be right than be President."

"And what did you tell him?" asked the listener.

"I told him he would never be either," replied Reed, letting his face relax into the beatific smile which is called the apotheosis of geniality, "fit to waken smiles in dumb brutes."

"But I've said better things than that, I think. Not such sharp things but things that will make me live after I'm gone—after I'm dead enough to be called a statesman."

Friends of Mr. Reed point to a certain

HILL'S UNCONSCIOUS HIGH TRAGEDY POSE.

speech made in the House as his "crusher." Reed considers it the best effort he has ever made to down a bill. It was delivered in Reed's characteristic genial attitude, the one which he adopts when he sees he has a sure thing.

His cleverness in debate is shown by his opening argument:

"Gentlemen, in this debate, which has extended over many weeks, one remarkable result has been reached. That result is that the bill is odious to both sides of the House. On this side we believe that, while it pretends to be for protection, it does not afford it. And on the other side they believe that while it looks toward free trade it does not accomplish it."

That is my pet way of downing a thing," said Mr. Reed, "show that it isn't any good no matter how you look at it. Speak in a clear, confident tone and ridicule it a little as you go along. The bill that lives through that kind of treatment is a germ disease warranted to run its course."

When Crisp, of Georgia, speaks, he relies upon his looks for his argument. The Crisp face is an open one. The Crisp clothes are of the newest and finest. He is what you call a well-groomed man, though he doesn't keep a valet, and "brushes" himself.

When Crisp speaks, he puts one hand behind him in a deprecatory way. He holds it there as long as he has something up his sleeve. When his final argument is brought forth he brings out his other hard. Like its mate, it is white and shapely, and moulds the air to make a fine point upon an argument.

A politician of Georgia who is very close to Crisp says that the Georgia representative regards his best effort one which he condensed in a single sentence.

"I was in the gallery that day," relates the Georgia gentleman, "when Crisp got up to speak. He had something upon his mind which he wanted for the South, but which the North might regard with indifference. Crisp hesitated. He is a considerate man. He opened his mouth to speak and hesitated again. He had done previous talking, and he is not a forward man to intrude himself.

"If"—he began diffidently, "if—if it isn't against the laws of the United States to help the South"——

A laugh interrupted him. The laugh grew louder and broke into a guffaw.

MORTON'S DIPLOMATIC MANNER.

Ever since then you see south of Mason and Dixon's line the paragraph commencing, "If it isn't against the laws of the United States to have a Southern man for President of the United States" —— Everybody takes it as a joke. But the friends of Crisp remember it as the best thing that ever dropped from the lips of a man who isn't vain-glorious and who doesn't want any more than is coming to him.

Levi P. Morton has said many good things. He regards his best efforts his most polished ones. Mr. Morton thinks diplomacy man's greatest accomplishment, and, though he is too modest to know it, he is a diplomat worthy a niche with the late Minister Phelps.

When Mr. Morton was minister to France the statue of Lafayette was inaugurated, and it fell to the American minister to propose toasts and make a great address. That address was printed in pamphlet form by the American citizens of Paris and is sent out "With the compliments of Levi P. Morton" whenever Mr. Morten is asked for his best speech.

The most diplomatic sentence in a speech of much diplomacy delivered by Mr. Morton was this:

"Gentlemen: I have never met an enemy upon the field of battle, but I dare say that my embarrassment in the face of a hostile array would not exceed that which I now feel, surrounded as I am by an army of friends to whom I find it impossible adequately to express my appreciation."

When Mr. Morton said this he was in

WHEN CRISP HAS SOMETHING UP HIS SLEEVE.

full evening dress with white tie and gloves and a large boutonniere. This dress is his favorite for speaking. He also wears patent leathers, and his dress suit is the finest that can be purchased. Mr. Morton believes that he cannot too highly honor his guests in his manner of dress.

Those who have never had the privilege of seeing the great political orators when they were making their speeches upon the platform can not adequately picture the force and strength of character shown by each individual. Each has his favorite attitude, and each falls into it during the speech, impressing you wonderfully with it. Morton's favorite speech attitude is with clasped hands, one hiding the other. He rests his weight upon one foot; the other being still weak from the foot trouble in Paris, and he lowers his chin as though to give out the full force of his powerful platform voice.

When Hill speaks he has a semi-tragedy air, but no more than he feels. Life to David B. Hill is a tragedy when politics do not go his way. According to all who know him he would rather be a page upon the floor of a Democratic Senate than the speaker of a House that

REED'S TRIUMPHANT ATTITUDE WHEN HE SEES THE ARGUMENT IS HIS.

had too many Republicans in it. That is the way he feels when he gets up to speak, and that explains his dramatic attitude, which is the high tragedy pose of the late John McCullough.

In spite of the speeches that have come and gone from Hill's lips, his great remark will always be: "I am a Democrat!" When he said this his hand was thrust in the front of his long-tailed coat and his body was bent backward until the tails of the coat almost touched the floor with pride. "I am a Democrat," he roared again, and this time he turned his head with very pride and emotion and stood motionless for a full minute with the profile to the audience.

McKinley points to his best speech as the one entitled "The Business Man in Politics." It was delivered before the Rochester Chamber of Commerce at its last meeting, and has been put in book form by Mr. McKinley. To all who send to him for it he sends a copy nicely bound in pink paper.

In this speech McKinley quotes Lincoln's speech when he was on his way to the White House. "McKinley considers that the best thing Lincoln ever said, the most popular, direct thing," says a friend of his, "and McKinley makes it his sample and motto in his own speeches. It has a direct man-to-man tone." This is the quotation:

"In all the trying places in which I may be placed, and doubtless I will be placed in many such, my reliance will be upon you, the people of the United States, and I wish you to remember now and forever that it is your business and not mine alone."

"'I wish I had said that first,' said McKinley to me once," remarked that same friend, after McKinley had quoted Lincoln for the thousandth time in a week.

McKinley speaks with both hands behind him, but not like Reed, who tips back, laughs and seems to be having the best time out. His speech attitude is that of the boy who first spoke

You'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage.

But he manages to say things very effectively.

Every statesman keeps a list of his bright sayings, and usually has them collected in book or pamphlet form. He may not have them marked as "My Brightest Sayings," but if you look through the pamphlet you will find the gem that most tickled the oratorical palate.

Allison speaks more like an Englishman in a contained, unenthusiastic way. This for some measures, is more telling than great enthusiasm, as it shows something sure behind what he says, something of which he is confident.

Statesmen are modest compared with other professional men, but get them talking about the best thing they ever said and they will not let up until you cry "Hold, enough!"

ESCAPE MADE IMPOSSIBLE.

An Elaborate Device to Put an End to Jail Deliveries.

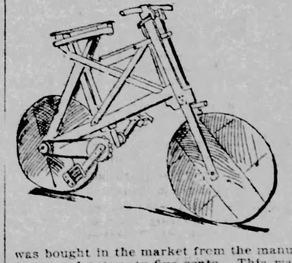
One of the neatest inventions that have been made recently is the one planned by F. V. Simms, says the Louisville Evening Post. Mr. Simms was greatly interested in the jail delivery, and immediately after the prisoners escaped he set to work to devise a plan to prevent any similar occurrence. Mr. Simms proposes to surround each cell by an air-tight compartment. This will be filled with carbon-dioxide under a pressure much higher than that of air. In each compartment there will be a small retort, containing lumps of marble, covered by diluted sulphuric acid. This will fill the tank with the gas. In another part of the compartment a small rubber balloon, partly filled with the air or other gas, is held in place by a wire frame. Fastened to the top of the balloon is a thin metal plate connected to an electric wire. Directly over the plate is the point of a screw, to which the other wire is fastened. This screw is turned until it almost touches the plate, and the wires are connected with a bell and a battery.

When a prisoner bores a hole through the wall of his cell the carbon-dioxide fills the room and he is asphyxiated. In the meantime the pressure being reduced in the compartment, the balloon will expand, and the plate will come in contact with the screw. When the circuit is closed the bell will ring and arouse the turnkeys. Mr. Simms did not explain about ventilation, and this seems to be the chief drawback to the plan. It would be a simple matter for the prisoner to open his windows and allow the gas to escape. This might be prevented, however, by connecting two sets of wires with the plate and screw, and the second current will cause an outside shutter to fall and cover the window. This would hardly be necessary, as the sound of the bell would be sufficient to prevent a prisoner's escape. The wires to the bell are inside of the walls, so that they cannot be cut by a deceitful trusty.

A TWENTY-FIVE CENT BICYCLE.

A Veritable Curiosity Made and Sold by a 14-Year-Old Boy.

Among the many bicycles that it has been our fortune to present to our readers in this era of the wheel, says the Scientific American, it is questionable if any has been shown that is more novel than the one illustrated here. This wheel



was bought in the market from the manufacturer for twenty-five cents. This was no chance find; it was not an old curiosity from a lumber room, but was a genuine new wheel made for sale at the price of 25 cents.

The cut, which is an exact reproduction of the machine, tells its own story. It is built of strips of wood and of boards, is fitted with brake and tool-box and has an adjustable leather saddle, the latter having a stretching or tension screw to take up the sag of the leather. It was sold without driving gear, so it was fitted by one of the Scientific American staff with sprocket wheels and cranks and with a perforated leather belt in place of a chain. Thus equipped it proved ridable, not exactly equal in comfort, easy running and speed to an 18 or 20-pound modern wheel, but it was ridden up and down the Scientific American office.

The wheel is constructed by a boy of 14 years, who resides in Pennsylvania, who manufactures the wheels for his own amusement. They are very ingeniously and strongly made, and are very creditable, considering the low price.

Insurance Against Twins.

What worse domestic calamity can befall a poor man's home than the advent of twins, unless it be triplets? That, at least is the idea upon which the projectors of the Provident Bounty association, organized recently, proposed to bank the prospects of the concern. As a financial document it is unique.

It bears some respectable names and subscriptions to the capital stock of £10,000 are invited, with most tempting inducements.

"It is notorious," say these projectors, "that many people marry in the hope of improving their fortune; but frequently disappointment comes with the advent of an unexpectedly large family. This association provides to some extent for that contingency by at once giving a substantial sum in the case of the birth of twins."—Pearson's Weekly.

Advantages of Matrimony.

Mr. Wallace—It seems to me that if ever a bachelor realizes his unhappy lot it must be when he is in bed sick.

Mrs. Wallace—Yes. There is a great difference between a hired nurse and a wife. If he goes to throwing the medicine bottles and things at the nurse when she happens to hurt his rheumatism, she will leave.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Transferred Affections.

Mrs. Subbubs—So you've no objections to living in the country?

Miss O'Rourke—Phwat's the difference? Since the new police board came in—bad luck to their shake ups!—a gur-rl might as well give up all hope of stiddy campany!—Puck.

An Innocent Query.

"I guess I know what I saw with my own eyes," said the cross-eyed man.

"You wouldn't call that unbiased testimony, would you?" asked the other man.—Indianapolis Journal.

Tit for Tat.

"They say eggs should always come packed in layers."

"Yes, and onions in tiers."—Brooklyn Life.

Our Serial Story.

THE MYSTERY OF AVENUE D.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE BLADE
BY DAVID LOWRY.

CHAPTER XI.—DAVIS RANCH.

Maxwell and Alexander found it difficult to keep up with their companions in the first mad rush. Ben Hipple and Old Bill, who were riding side by side, looked around and drew rein until the travelers came up to them, then they rode on abreast, still preserving silence.

Another mile was passed before Ben Hipple spoke. "Well, they can't blame this on Easy Jack, at least it don't sound reasonable; to my way of thinking, Easy Jack's lying low somewhere. This year seems to be somebody else."

"Whoever it was, unless they come on him in his sleep, Davis would have given them a tough fight," Bill replied. "We all know Tom had grit."

"What was the motive?" Maxwell asked, "was there much money in the house?"

"That's just where the trouble was," Ben Hipple looked meaningly at Bill. "It's come true what I told Davis time and again. You'll shorely be robbed some night. And maybe, they'll kill you."

"Lots of people told him the same thing." Bill could scarcely express his anger and disgust. "To be killed in that way—after he'd had so many warnin's—it's that that riles me most when I think of it. It seemed like temptin' providence—when he could as easy have kept his money in the bank. 'I would a been a durn sight safer."

"How much money did he keep around him?"

"Well, there a'nt any one as can be sure just how much Tom Davis had. Dan Somers couldn't tell himself—I know because he told me the last time we were talking about 'em. He might have in the neighborhood of sixty or seventy thousands dollars."

Alexander looked at Hipple as if he had not heard aright.

"Well, you can ask Bill."

Alexander turned to Bill.

"Ben's about right. He couldn't have less'n fifty thousand by anybody's calculations."

"How did he make it?"

"Mining and buying and selling claims. Tom Davis struck a streak o' luck after him an' Dan Somers came back from the Big Horn." Old Bill reflected awhile, the horses were loping easily, in front of them the travelers now plainly discerned a house on the distant divide. "Ben, you ought to know as well as me—these gentlemen seem to be curus—who was it used to talk about Cripple jumpin' out big some day?"

"Tom Davis," Hipple replied promptly. "'Heard Tom sayin' he'd bet all he had in the world we'd find bushels of gold right here."

"You see, in them days we traveled right over Cripple Creek. Nobody but Tom Davis ever thought there was any more silver or pay dirt of any kind here than there is on Broadway. Why, good Lord, Ben, if you and I have crossed this country once, we've crossed it twenty times—and so did thousands of other people who were out doing nothing but looking for gold, and not a soul ever dreamed of finding gold here that I ever heard of, except Tom Davis."

Old Bill seemed to be buried in thought; Hipple scratched his chin meditatively, smiled and said: "Some people's born to luck; nobody'll make me believe Tom knew any more about what was at the bottom of the grass roots here than you or me knew two years ago."

"All the same, what he said has come true; there's a good sized town back there, and it's growin'; it's just beginin' to grow in my opinion; I shouldn't be the least mite surprised to see ten thousand people there some day, where there a'nt more than ten hundred now."

"So this man that you are talking of was the original discoverer of gold in Cripple Creek," said Alexander.

"By no means," Hipple replied in surprise.

"We didn't say that," Bill added. "What we said was that Tom Davis predicted more'n forty times that lots of gold would be struck all around here."

"He said that ten years ago," Hipple looked at Bill, who confirmed Hipple's statement.

"It's a good deal more than ten years since I first heard Tom say it. But he didn't profit none by the idea—he never got a sight of the gold till other people got it out—and then he began to buy claims—put every cent he made in every claim into another until he got rich. That's the whole story."

"Was he married?"

"No."

"Who lived with him?"

"Nobody for a while back, not since Dan Somers got married."

"He just lived by himself," Hipple said, "that's what Bill and me were talking about."

"What shape was his money in?"

"Mostly in bank notes. It was handier Tom said; he might have a little in silver—not much, though. He told me he'd rather have it in notes. I don't think he had much gold—said it was pooty to look at, but not nigh so handy as paper."

"Then it will be impossible to trace the money," said Alexander.

The house on the divide stood out clearly now against the blue sky. As they rounded the slope, the prairie dogs barked at them querulously; here and there a bird winged its way slowly across the sky; no sound was heard save that made by the horsemen in front of them.

They were the last to mount the long green hill; the others were either in or walking around the house. Three or four men stood at the door. As the travelers and their companions dismounted the little group at the door parted. Maxwell strode forward first. The spectacle that met his gaze was gruesome; so grewsome that he recoiled involuntarily.

The owner of the ranch lay on the broad of his back, stark and rigid in death. A frozen horror seemed to fill the glazed eyes, his throat was cut from ear to ear.

Accustomed as they were to death in a violent form, the spectacle sent a chill through the miners' pulses.

"Here," said Bill bravely, "let us carry him into the house."

When the dead man was laid on his bed, Bill's were the hands that removed the bloodstains, combed and parted the long, gray hair and folded the hands decently across the dead man's breast with Hipple's assistance. The others looked on helplessly.

Then the search began.

Already the theories were numerous. Some thought it was plain how the murderers approached the house. Tom's big dog lay ten rods or more from the house, served as his master was served—his throat slit at one stroke evidently. The poor beast scarcely struggled; he died in his tracks.

A brisk wind was blowing a muslin curtain covering a window in the rear of the house. Maxwell silently directed Alexander's attention to it. They examined the window carefully; a mark on the soft pine wood where the sash fitted loosely was noted by both the same instant. Maxwell stepped outside and returned with a large nail.

The room was in disorder; there were many evidences of a severe struggle; there were marks on the floor such as would be made by a man's boots. There was a heavy dent in the wall in the room Davis slept in just opposite his bed. A plain pine table, a table that recalled good cheer to many there who had enjoyed Tom Davis's hospitality was overturned. Papers were scattered loosely over the floor; the bed covers were tossed in a heap on the floor beside the bed. As Maxwell lifted the clothes carefully, separating them his attention was attracted to a slit in a comfort. He examined it carefully; it was evident that the comfort had been cut with a knife. The cut extended a foot or more. Maxwell piled the clothes up methodically on one side of the room.

Maxwell was pondering over the cut comfort when his eye fell on some pieces of twine. Some looked like ends that had been frayed; others were clean cut. All were short. Maxwell stooped to pick them up; then he observed two or three dark coarse looking threads; they looked like yarn. He examined them closely, advancing to the window where the light was strongest.

There was a peculiarity about the yarn; suddenly a light flashed on Maxwell; the yarn was part of a fabric of some kind. As he stood there at the window with knit brows Alexander came in. He had a piece of round wood in his hand. The stick was sharpened wedge-fashion.

"See this." Maxwell examined the stick, then glanced at Alexander, and from Alexander to the window.

"I understand; you think that this opened the window; very likely. The window was pried up with this."

"I will take charge of it; it may prove useful—especially in case there is an investigation—which I very much doubt. If they get their hands on a suspicious customer they will make short work of him. And I can't say that I blame them—the less time wasted in hanging such men the better."

Maxwell twisted the pieces of cord and yarn together in an absent-minded way and put them in his vest-pocket.

"What have you got there?" Alexander asked.

"Only a few pieces of string—a bit or two of yarn," Maxwell answered in a mood that was unusual, then looking straight at his acquaintance he added, "and yet there is no telling—it may be enough to hang a man."

A score of men were examining the ground around the house. One man discovered marks such as would be made by a horse's hoofs; soon others were found, then a plain print, so distinct all could see it was examined with great care.

The prints told a plain story; the rider had approached the house from the west, or near. It was on that side the dead dog lay. The murderer had dismounted, tied his horse to a small tree, then contrived in some way to attract the dog to him and killed him. That he came from the direction of Bulger's Flat was equally plain.

But which direction did he go after he murdered and robbed the old miner?

That was the question on the lips of every one. They looked in vain for signs of the flight; not a sign of a horse's hoofs could be found save those that led to the house from the Bulger road evidently.

Ben Hipple strode into the house where Bill was looking at a great dent in the wall.

"Look here Pen. As I make it out, Tom must awoke up sudden, like as not found some in and not havin' anything handy was makin' for somethin' when the fellow threw somethin' at him. See that; it must have been somethin' heavy that made that."

Maxwell and Alexander stepped forward and examined the dent. Ben shook his head slowly.

"Might a been made when they were puttin' up the house—you can't judge from that."

"If you will look a little closer Mr. Hipple, you can see that the mark is quite fresh," said Maxwell. Hipple looked a second time.

"You're right; that was made not long ago."

The question is, what was it made with?" Alexander looked from one to the other, but there was no response. As he spoke he happened to glance through the window. Maxwell followed his glance. One of the miners was in the act of kicking a stone from his path. Alexander went out and returned immediately with the stone. The stone exactly fitted the dent in the wall.

"The question is, how did that stone get here," Alexander demanded turning to Hipple and Bill, "who threw it, and how did it find its way out there?"

"I can tell you where you can find stones exactly like that," Bill replied promptly.

"So can I," Hipple said, "but don't ask me to guess how it got up here. There's millions like that down at Sludge's 'n all along by Sludge's."

"How far is that?"

"About a mile from here, I reckon."

"Is that an ore-bearing rock? I am anxious on that point," said Maxwell turning the stone over in his hand.

Hipple shook his head. Old Bill did likewise saying, "You can't prove it by me."

"Whoever it is I guess somebody slung it at Tom's head; then Tom went at him—they fit to the door, and there Tom got the worst of it—to finish up, he cut the poor fellow's throat."

Such was Ben Hipple's theory. Maxwell soon discovered that this was the universal opinion; there was but one horseman, consequently there was but one murderer.

"Is there any place where a man can put up near Haywood's on this side of Haywood's?"

Old Bill looked at Maxwell inquiringly.

"There's Fox's old ranch—'aint much of a place—it might do in a pinch."

"A man would be purty druv that would put up there." Hipple laughed grimly. "'Less a man is lookin' for a fight, he don't want nothin' to do at Fox's."

"It don't bear none too good a name," Bill added. "It would be a good thing for everybody if Fox and the people he likes best were invited to leave the country—my opinion publicly expressed."

Ben Hipple's face expressed more than his very plain speech.

Maxwell took Bill aside and spoke to him in a low tone.

Old Bill stared at Maxwell in astonishment, then struck one fist against his open palm exclaiming:

"You've struck it first time!" He trembled with excitement as he advanced to the door and shouted, "Get on your horses, boys, we hain't no time to lose—I think I know just where to look for the man that killed Tom."

There was a rush to the horses, the saddles were filled in ten seconds.

"We are going to Fox's."

They were leaving Davis's ranch far behind them when Maxwell asked, "But what about the body—who will bury him?"

"Don't you fret none about that," Bill answered. "There'll be plenty to look after that. That don't concern us—what we're thinkin' most of now is to catch the man that did it."

CHAPTER TWELFTH—FOX'S "NERVY."

"I suppose you are familiar with the leading mining districts in Colorado?"

Maxwell was riding beside Bill. Old Bill glanced back at Hipple, who with Alexander rode close behind them.

"Well, what I don't know about the old digging you can find out from Hipple. Between us there ain't much worth knowing we can't tell you.

"You might tell him, Bill, how we made out when we first went to Gunnison."

Bill laughed. "Good Lord—don't ask me to tell about them times—when thousands climbed accost the divide—an broke trails through from every direction to get there first."

"That was in the seventies, wasn't it?" Alexander said.

"Long about there," Bill replied.

"When they built a town every day," Alexander continued.

"You ain't so fur wrong there," Hipple responded. "I can take you to places where there aint a soul living—nothing in sight but coyotes, where Bill and I've seen as many as three and four thousand people livin'."

"There was Irwin—you remember the times Tom Davis and you and me had a Irwin."

"Never'll forget Irwin," Hipple answered. "The last time I was over there they'd about carted the most of the stuff off to other places. Didn't seem possible that I'd seen a dozen hotels there, a church with a high steeple, an' a school house."

"Mind how they built the warter works, Ben?"

"Surely they did not build water works?"

Alexander's tone expressed grave doubts.

"They did do just that thing," Hipple responded. "There was a man—a very enterprisin' man he was, too; he got an idea there was millions in a water works. An' the other blame fools told him to go on with it. Well, I'm blest if he didn't go on. A'nt I right, Bill?"

"Yes, you are. He got a contract to furnish the town with water. They said there'd be fires likely—t'would save a heap of money that way. If I don't misremember, they gave him about a hundred and fifty dollars a month for fire protection—blamed if they did'nt—and they put down fire hydrants—they did—I'm tellin' the truth, there was nt any flies on Irwin."

"That's so," Hipple said. "'n what's more, that fire department in Irwin scooped in all the prizes in Colorado pretty much."

"Come," said Alexander, "draw it mild—you do not mean to say they had tournaments out there?"

"Put I do mean just that thing—and we can prove it," said Old Bill, with considerable spirit. "They took all the prizes goin'."

"How long did Irwin last?"

"I ain't quite sure," Hipple said, looking at Maxwell narrowly, "about three years, I reckon."

"Good postal facilities, I suppose," said Alexander.

"First class," Hipple replied, "an' that reminds me—the postmaster was nigh about the last man I met there."

"Put the mayor—"

"What!" Alexander exclaimed in genuine surprise, "do you tell me Irwin had a mayor?"

"Certainly, and a stayin' mayor as ever I heard of, if you'll let me go on." Old Bill spoke like a man who felt that his integrity was impeached. "The mayor, as I was saying, hung on; after all the boarders in the hotel cleared out, he stayed right on—he was clean grit, he was; after everybody else left they found him dead in his room in the hotel one morning."

"Then there was Gothic—ever hear of Gothic?" Hipple looked at his companion.

"I never heard of Gothic," Alexander responded. Hipple sighed. "I don't think there is more than one family in Gothic now—and it was a rushin' place once, wasn't it, Bill?"

"Rushin's no name for it," Bill answered, "an there's Billerton over toward Continental Divide."

"Billerton was held," Hipple interrupted. "There was a man killed in Billerton as regular as the week came round."

"Surely," Bill echoed; "they had to have a funeral once a week." He closed one eye as if he was striving to recall Billerton to his vision. "Mind the Fourth of July celebration we had at Billerton, Ben, when there was five saloons cleaned out, an' three men were killed? Just to think—there ain't a speck of Billert in left, they tell now."

"Too many Fourth of July celebrations, probably," said Alexander, dryly.

"And Hortense," said Hipple, "there was another rusher. Gentlemen, I can take you to all that's left of a palace nigh Hortense—a hotel built nigh the springs there big enough to accommodate two hundred people——"

"Occupied by bears and wild cats chiefly now," Alexander turned to Maxwell. Precisely," Hipple answered.

"You see," Bill explained, "the man that built that hotel Ben's talking about expected it would be the best place for sick people anybody could ever find, and it was, but most of them died just as they found it out."

"A paradise for undertakers," Alexander could not resist the temptation although he caught Maxwell's warning glance.

Hipple held his head well up. Old Bill glared at Alexander angrily. "Everybody knows there ain't another climate in the world ekal to Colorado."

Maxwell rushed to the breach. "Mr. Hipple" he doubtless familiar with the history of the most famous mines?"

"I can tell you about several of them."

"Did you ever hear of Taylor and Dean's great fortune?"

"Knew Taylor and Dean years—they took a million out of the ground, then turned around and sold for another million, I guess."

"What is Mr. Fitch, the gentleman you introduced to us doing? is he a heavy operator?"

Maxwell propounded the query in an indifferent manner. Old Bill did not reply immediately; he seemed to be pondering.

"Curus how you ask I can't just t'll you. But everybody knowes he's got lots of money, and he's as free with it as daylight; you noticed how he gave me that $20—just that way all the time. If there's anything particular wantin', he's got his hand right in his pocket first man in town."

"As a timer—how long have you known him?"

"Lews, no! Fitch a'nt no old timer. He's a new comer—been here about three months, of 'long 'bout there."

"Does he board at the hotel?"

"Comes and goes—just like all the big capitalists do."

Fitch is worth a lot of money, I guess," said Hipple. "He doesn't talk much, and I notice the kind that don't talk much has the biggest finger in the pie as a rule."

All of which was very vague, but the subject seemed to interest Maxwell, who continued to discuss Mr. Fitch in a desultory fashion. There was really very little that either Bill or Hipple knew, but Maxwell carefully made mental notes of the scant information he was able to gather from the old miners.

Summed up briefly, it seemed that Mr. Fitch kept himself in the background, coming forward in time to clear or assist in closing a barrain. His movements were very unusual; there were long intervals in which his whereabouts were unknown. He was popularly supposed to be "on East" at these times, but Maxwell was unable to discover in the disconnected statements made by Hipple and Bill anything that supported the theory.

"There's Fox's now," said Bill pointing to a house far below them.

Maxwell thought he caught a glimpse of a figure at the door; a delusion evidently; when he looked again the door was closed. He concluded to keep his own counsel, especially since it was evident that neither of his experienced companions had remarked the figure.

He reasoned that if Alexander had observed any one in the open door he would have called the attention of the others to the fact.

A few clumps of mesquite and live oak intervened; beyond them was an open space; in the middle of this space Fox's ranch house sat on a little knoll. The occupants could see all comers at least a mile distant.

The party rode straight on to the house without drawing rein. Speedily dismounting they approached the door; Old Bill leading the way. Possibly a consciousness of their presence actuated the proprietor; at all events the door was opened wide long before Bill reached it. A long gaunt, grim faced man stood on the threshold; it was Mr. Fox. The presence of a number of people apparently did not disturb him.

"Must be something unusual up seeing there's so many of you."

His voice was disagreeable; it jarred Maxwell's ear; he thought he had never heard a voice as disagreeable. It was Old Bill who answered in a harsh tone; there was a ring in it that was new to Maxwell as he said:

"Yes, there's a good deal up—Tom Davis is dead—murdered."

Fox did not betray surprise; on the contrary Fox smiled sardonically, showing teeth that looked more like black fangs than teeth.

"Don't surprise me in the least—it's what everybody expected." Although this was true, the cold blooded indifference of the speaker drew angry looks upon him. He affected not to notice the black looks cast upon him, however.

"Don't think there's a man in Cripple Creek but's predicted it. Any d—n fool that 'd keep a pile of money in his house big enough to run a bank!" Fox turned to some one in the back part of the room. "Hear that—they've killed Tom Davis."

A sound as of some one moving a chair was heard and a young man approached the door. Fox stood aside; Maxwell's inquiring gaze rested on a smooth-faced young man. His dark hair clung close to his head in short, crisp curls. His eyebrows were as finely pencilled as any beauty's in the land; his eyes, a steel blue, met Maxwell's surprised gaze with a questioning look that hardened perceptibly.

"Gentlemen, this is a relative of mine—some of you may have heard of him before. My nevvy—just come over from Colorado Springs. He knows all about Davis, most everybody's heard of Davis. He's heard me talk about him a dozen of times."

Maxwell glanced furtively at Old Bill; Bill's eyes were riveted on Fox's "nevvy;" he lifted his head with a jerk suddenly.

"Yes, I've heard about your nevvy, but this is the first time I ever laid eyes on him." Bill drew a deep breath then added: "It is a disagreeable job, but we are come to look in your house, and to satisfy ourselves just who is here."

"Very much obliged to you, gentlemen, for the visit—s'arch an' be damned to you! You are welcome to all you can find in my house."

The venomous look Fox bestowed upon the faces around his door lingered long in Maxwell's memory.

"Begin the s'arch."

It was not a very systematic search, but it was pretty thorough. At the end of fifteen minutes or more Bill and his companions admitted to each other that they were unable to find anything to warrant suspicion. Fox's "nevvy" looked on with mingled expression of contempt and disgust.

Question Bureau.

RULES.—1.—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or of firms, nor where to buy or sell anything, for such answers are free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest; and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6.—No answers by mail.

Pension Questions.

W. J. K., Simcoe, Mo.: There is no law of Congress providing for the payment, by the government, of the funeral expenses of old soldiers.

F. J. M. T., Joelton, Tenn.: The evidence of persons acquainted with applicants for pensions must be obtained. It requires the evidence of at least two to each fact sought to be proved; and the longer and more intimate their acquaintance with him, the better is their evidence.

There has been pension legislation by the present Congress so far. The House has passed the pensions appropriation bill, with some sections valuable to pensioners, but it has not yet passed the Senate. We discussed these amendments editorially on page 4 of Weekly Blade of January 23, under the heading, "The Pension Debate." Look it up.

It would take more room than we can spare to publish a list of members of Congress.

W. B. H., Rose Lawn, Wis.: After your examination by a board of surgeons for increase, there is no stated time until it is granted. It may be three months, or it may be three years—just as the pension office pleases.

If a pensioner gave up his pension under the old law, to take one under the new law, he can apply to get back to pension under the old law and surrender his pension under the new law.

Kaffir Corn.

The many questions we have had concerning this new forage and food plant are answered fully in the Farmstead department of this issue. Read what is said there about it, and then avail yourselves of the offer made by The Blade to furnish seed, on the 5th page of this issue.

The Hemispheres.

J. J. D., Gad, W. Va., aske: "What is the line dividing the hemispheres? It is a fact that Eastern Siberia is in the western hemisphere, as a hemisphere can not extend over 180 degrees?"

Speaking geometrically—that is, with absolute exactitude—a small portion of Eastern Siberia is in the western hemisphere. The meridian circle generally taken by mapmakers as dividing the hemispheres is that of 20 west longitude and 160 east longitude. From the western point of Iceland to the most easterly point of Siberia is more than 180 degrees of longitude. Hence a bit of Western Iceland and some of Eastern Siberia are over the lines.

This as we said, is the geometrical statement. But the term "hemisphere" is used frequently to designate either of the two great land bodies, and it is all right to speak of Asia and Iceland as part of the Eastern Hemisphere.

Bonds Again.

J. N. B., Carthage, Mo., writes: "I saw a statement in a paper that gold bonds were issued between the years 1873 and 1878. My Populist friend denies this, saying there were no bonds issued at any time, but coin bonds. Can you give me any information?"

There were no bonds issued between those years. All bonds were assumed to be gold bonds up to the time that the credit-destroying and business-depressing agitation to call a half-dollar's worth of silver a dollar came up. The man who paid gold value for bonds naturally understood that he was to receive the same value he gave; and every dictate of right and justice requires this. Everybody who bought a bond of the recent issues feels certain that as he gave gold value for it, he will get gold value in return, and he has a legal right to believe this; for the law of the United States defines it to be the intent and purpose of the government to hold its gold, silver and paper currency at a parity.

That "Short Year."

We are under obligations to M. G. L., Kent, N. Y., for a correction of our answer to J. B. C., of Martz, Ind., concerning a year that had only 9 months and 6 days. He says:

"In England, in the twelfth century, the practice prevailed of beginning the year on the Annunciation, March 25, and that was the general practice until the reformation of the calendar, in 1751, by a parliamentary law, which directed that the year 1752 should be reckoned from January 1, thus leaving the year 1751 nearly three months short."

By the way, M. G. L., why did you not give your correct postoffice address? "Kent, Orleans," is not in the Postal Guide.

Rev. Dr. Talmage.

J. F. R., Republic City, Neb., writes: "In talking with a friend about the book written by Dr. Talmage, he said the book was written and in the hands of the publishers before he went on his trip to the Holy Land. I would like to know if it is true. He also said that Talmage did not baptize a man in the Jordan at Bethabara, as is represented by an illustration in his book. Would a man unpriving the position Talmage does so impose on the public?"

We never saw the book, and don't know but if it is a book of travels, your friend is doubtless wrong. What he is thinking of is this: Talmage's weekly sermons, to be preached on his trip, were all prepared before he left the United States, the names of the places at which they were delivered stated, and so on; so that they might appear in the papers as if telegraphed after delivery. We know this to be a fact. It was said that some of them he did not deliver at all. We do not know about that, but think it altogether likely.

A. H., Leon, Kan., asks us a question about the Anneke Jans claim to Trinity church property, and remarks that he is a subscriber. Why don't he read his paper, then? On the 5th page of Weekly Blade of February 6, we printed a long article showing that there has been no Supreme court decision, no case in court, no offer of compromise, and that there is no legal basis for the claim.

E. M. P., Kane, Ill.: Read the above and the article referred to, and don't waste your money on the "association" of "heirs."

C. L. R., Jimtown, Mo.: Read the above.

M. E. R., Ingraham, Ill.: The Edwards claim has no relation to the Anneke Jans claim.

"I Speak by the Card."

P. J., Marshalltown, Iowa: The phrase, "I speak by the card" means to speak with absolute correctness. The word "card," as here used, refers to the original name of the mariner's compass. Shakespeare, in Macbeth, act i, scene 3, says:

"All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card."

Why did you date your letter at Des Moines, when it was postmarked Marshalltown? We want you to give your real name and postoffice address if you expect answers.

Pension Vouchers.

J. M. B., South Moline, Ills., and C. A. T., Albertville, Wis., have our thanks. In an answer to A. H., Cross Keys, Ore., in Bureau of Weekly Blade of Feb. 6, we stated, on the authority of a pension attorney, that postmasters were allowed, but not required, to make out pension vouchers. This is an error, as regards fourth-class postmasters. An order of the Postoffice department gives instructions to all fourth-class postmasters as follows:

"By an act of Congress, approved Aug. 23, 1894, it is provided that hereafter, in addition to the officers now authorized to administer oaths in such cases, fourth-class postmasters of the United States are hereby required, empowered and authorized to administer any and all oaths required to be made by pensioners and their witnesses in the execution of their vouchers with like effect and force as officers having a seal; and such postmaster shall affix the stamp of his office to his signature to each voucher, and he is authorized to charge and receive for each voucher not exceeding twenty-five cents, to be paid by the pensioner."

Unless act refers to fourth-class postmasters only. Provided their lawful fees be tendered, a postmaster cannot refuse to act; since the statute not only authorizes but also requires the administering of the oath. But he can authenticate pension vouchers only. He is not empowered to administer oaths relating to declarations or affidavits in claims for pension."

Wedding Anniversaries.

H. M., Centreville, Kan., writes: "Please print a list giving the names of the different wedding anniversaries."

First	Cotton.
Second	Paper.
Third	Leather.
Fourth	Book.
Fifth	Wooden.
Sixth	Garnet.
Seventh	Woollen.
Eighth	Bric-a-brac.
Ninth	Topaz.
Tenth	Tin.
Twelfth	Silk and fine linen.
Fifteenth	Crystal.
Twentieth	China.
Twenty-fifth	Silver.
Thirtieth	Pearl.
Thirty-fifth	Sapphire.
Fortieth	Ruby.
Fiftieth	Golden.
Seventy-fifth	Diamond.

A Dollar's Buying Power.

H. T. W., Walla Walla, Wash., asks: "Will not a dollar buy more property today than ten years ago, either land or any staple commodity?"

As to land, it depends on the quality of the land, and its nearness to a market. Fertile land in Ohio is worth more per acre than it was ten years ago; grazing land is worth less, largely on account of the decline of sheep-raising in the past two years, due to the Wilson tariff law.

As to "staple commodities," it is not true in regard to the largest commodity of all—skilled labor. A dollar buys less of skilled labor now than it did ten years ago, and in 1892 it bought less than now. Had protection been maintained, wages would be as high now as in 1892. In that year, the average rate of wages, skilled and unskilled, was 58 per cent higher than in 1873; that is, for every dollar in wages a man received per day in 1873, he received $1.58 in 1892.

Of some staple articles, a dollar will buy more than ten years ago; of others, it will not. In every case where it will buy more the cause is well understood, and has nothing to do with the money question.

London Inns of Court.

D. C. L., Ottawa, O., asks: "Can you give me information in regard to the Temple, London?"

The Inns of Court are colleges in London where students of law reside and pursue their studies. They have been established for many centuries. The word "Inn," in this name, has its old meaning of "mansion" or "residence." When the Pope suppressed the order of Knights Templars, the buildings and gardens of the Templars in London were leased, in 1346, to certain students of law, who establish in them an Inn of court. The place continued to be called the Temple, from its former occupants. In the course of years the numbers of these inns of court increased to four, which still exist, viz: The Inner Temple, the Middle Temple, Lincoln's Inn and Gray's Inn. In 1608 the buildings of the two temples were granted by James I to the chancellor of the exchequer, the recorder of London, and the benchers and treasurers of the Inner and Middle Temples, for "lodging, reception and education of the professors and students of the laws;" and it is by virtue of that grant that they are still held by an incorporated society of "the students and practisers of the laws of England."

Anneke Jans Again.

All believing themselves heirs of Anneke Jans should read the interview with ex-Gov. Hoadly, on the 5th page of this issue. He shows that there is absolutely no legal ground for any claim to stand upon. Don't allow yourselves to be fooled into joining an association or paying out any money. You can not possibly get anything.

The Turks.

T. D. E., Iron Mountain, Tex., asks: "Where are the Turks, and where did they originally come from?"

The Turks are of Tartar origin, and made their first appearance in history in northern and central Asia. Before the Christian era they had emigrated as far west as the Don river, and other tribes of them penetrated the mountainous regions of Asia Minor. In the early part of the 6th century after Christ there was a powerful Turkish kingdom in Turkistan. There were for some centuries eight distinct Turkish tribes and nations in central Asia. During the 6th and 7th centuries the Turks were in possession of a great part of what is now Turkey in Asia, and were pressing forward into Europe. In the 11th century their rule extended from China to near Constantinople. At the beginning of the 11th century the present Ottoman (Turkish) empire was founded by Ottoman, and gradually spread over a vast area of Asia and in Europe as far as Austria.

The Bond Bill.

A. P., Rathbun, Wis., asks: "Please inform me what is meant by the silver bond bill as passed by the Senate recently. What was the House bond bill?"

You should read The Blade. Turn to the 5th page of the Weekly Blade for December 26, 4th column, article headed "Not a Tariff Bill," and about half way down the provisions of the bond bill are given, as it was at that time passed by the House. On the 8th page of the Weekly Blade of January 9, 2d column, read "The Substitute Bill," which the Senate substituted for the bond bill. If you would only take the trouble to read the Washington news thoroughly each week, you would not need to send us questions like the above.

Ambassadors' Salaries.

J. H., Schell City, Mo., asks: "What is the yearly salary of our ministers to England, Germany, France and Russia?"

The first three are not ministers but Ambassadors—Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary. The yearly salary of our Ambassadors to England, Germany and France is $17,500 each. The salary of our minister to Russia—whose official title is Envoy Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary—is also $17,500 per year.

Magnetism.

O. H. D., Prescott, Wash., asks: "In what relation does magnetism stand to electricity? If none, please explain the difference."

It is difficult in the present state of science, to differentiate accurately magnetism from electricity. An electric current excites magnetism in certain metals, when passed around them. In some cases the magnetization is permanent, in others it ceases as soon as the electric current stops. Thus, a bar of steel will be thus made a permanent magnet; a bar of soft iron will be magnetic only so long as the current is flowing around it.

Conversely, the magnetism of a permanent magnet will excite an electric current in a wire. If a spool of insulated wire be placed around a rod of iron, the two ends of which project beyond the spool, and the two ends of the rod be suddenly brought into contact with the poles of a permanent horse shoe magnet, a current of electricity is induced for a moment in the wire; and when the contact is broken with the magnet, a current momentarily passes in the opposite direction. This is the fundamental principle of the dynamo.

Magnetism appears to be a manifestation of force acquired permanently or temporarily by a magnet; electricity, the manifestation of a force in motion. Further research will have to be made to determine accurately a better differentiation.

For Finding Easter.

W. M. H., Idaho Falls, Idaho, writes: "I was under the impression that Easter could not come sooner than March 25, nor later than April 25. But in a table of Easter for the whole nineteenth century, it says that Easter occurred in 1818 on March 22, and in 1843 and 1856 on March 23 respectively. Will you please explain? Also how many times will Easter happen in the twentieth century on April 5?"

You are mistaken. The council of Nice, A. D. 325, adopted this rule. That Easter shall be celebrated on the first Sunday after the full moon which happens upon or next after March 21; and if the full moon happens on a Sunday, Easter day is the Sunday after. Hence, Easter cannot come earlier than March 22, nor later than April 25. We have not the data to answer the last part of your query.

G. W. T., Chester, Okla., asks: "Will you please tell the day of the month Easter Sunday came on in the year 1834?"

Easter Sunday was March 30, 1834.

Miscellaneous.

J. V. H., Purgitsville, W. Va.: We do not know where he lives.

F. M. B., Cylon, Wis.: The song is copyrighted, and hence we can not publish it.

E. P. J., Monroe, Wis.: We have never seen the book, and do not know who publishes it.

J. M. H., Bloomington, Ind.: To get to the Transvaal you would have to go to England and start from there. We have not the data to answer your other queries.

L. T., Domestic, Ind.: Six dozen dozen is six gross, or 864; half a dozen dozen is half a gross, or six dozen, or 72. The proper form of the sentence is "a fat little pig." "A little fat pig" is not good English.

E. D., Cambridge, Neb.: We cannot insert business addresses in this column, as you will see if you will take the trouble to read the rules above. Get a bookseller to get you the catalogue of some publisher of works on steam engineering.

J. M. M., Mannington, W. Va.: Yes, there was such a person as Barbara Freitchie, the subject of the poem, but whether the facts correspond with the story as told in the verses has long been a subject of controversy, and probably never will be decided.

M. G. L., Kent, N. Y.: The metric system, by law of Congress, is permitted, but not required. In the mint, the thickness and diameter of coins are fixed in metric measurements, and the weight of the bronze and nickel coins. We do not know of its use in the postal service unless in weighing mail matter to be sent to countries using the metric system.

M. C. B., Dunkard, Pa.: In speaking of "per cent off," the list price is taken as the basis. Hence "60 per cent off" is 10 per cent better than "50 per cent off." If the list price were $2, 60 per cent off would leave 80 cents as the real price, while 50 per cent off would leave the price at $1. The difference, 20 cents, is 10 per cent of $2.

His Latest Purchase.

"Well," he said, as he took off his coat and hung it up on the rack in the hall, "I made quite a hit on wheat to-day, so I stopped in on the way home and bought Helen that Marquis which she has been teasing us for."

"I'm glad of that," she replied. "The poor girl has been so anxious to have a gentleman friend it would have been cruel to have disappointed her. When is he to be delivered?"

The brokers said they'd get him some new clothes and burnish him up a bit for delivery to-morrow afternoon at whatever church you name."—Chicago Post.

—Be Good to Yourself for Once, if troubled with a bad Cough, Cold or Lung Affection, and use promptly Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, a safe remedy for Asthma and Pleurisy, as well as all Throat Complaints.

St. Peter's Thumb.

Portuguese fishermen say that the black spot on each side of a haddock's head is an imprint of St. Peter's thumb and fingers. According to the tradition, in the haddock was the fish from which he took the piece of tribute money miraculously found in its mouth.

An Old Favorite.

One of the funny things always to be seen around a photograph gallery is the picture of a fat old girl dressed as "Galatea."—Atchison Globe.

FLINGS AT THE FAIR SEX.

Mrs. Schemer—How did you manage to get your carpet cleaned so nicely? Mrs. Crafty—Why, just before Mr. C. began beating it I showed him my milliner's bill.—Philadelphia Record.

Wife—You saw Mrs. Bowser last evening? Husband—Yes, but not to speak to. Wife—What a whopper. They tell me you were sitting with her for more than two hours. Husband—True, but it was she who did all the talking.—Boston Transcript.

Husband—Do you think it saves you anything to have a running account at that dry goods store, Wife—I know it does. You can't imagine the amount of time it saves me. Why, I never have to stop to ask the price of anything I wish to purchase!—Puck.

"Walk right in, dear! Your supper's ready, your slippers are right where you can find them easily and your pipe and tobacco are on the writing desk, handy for you." "All right, Molly," groaned the tired, suspicious husband, "you can get that new cloak to-morrow."—Atlanta Constitution.

She was a bride not very long ago and was gradually being initiated into the mysteries of marketing. She called at a meat market the other day and asked for a leg of lamb. The piece was produced, she took one look and replied: "I don't think I like the shape of the leg," and walked out.—Syracuse Post.

Mrs. Watts—There! We have cleared off the last cent of that church debt and it never cost you men a cent. See what women can do, Mr. Watts—I don't know about the other follows, but I know you have made me spend more than $100 for extra meals down-town while you were out monkeying around.—Indianapolis Journal.

The critical editor—Miss Wright, I think it would be better to change that sentence wherein you say that "woman cannot be expected to remain silent under a smarting sense of justice." The lovely essayist—Why, what is wrong with it? "I think it would be more in accordance with fact if you were to change 'remain' to 'become.' 'Remain,' you know, implies the continuance of a previous condition."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The True Cure

Of all

Nervous Troubles

Is Found in

PURE BLOOD

Because upon the purity of the Blood depends the health of every organ and tissue of the Body. If the Blood is thin and impure there is weakness, Nervousness, That Tired Feeling, and you are in the condition which invites disease. If the Blood is pure and healthy, you have sweet sleep, nerve strength, mental vigor, a good appetite, and perfect digestion.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Makes Pure Blood

That is why the Cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla are permanent. They do not rest upon the insecure support of temporary stimulant, opiate or nerve compound, but upon the solid foundation of vitalized, enriched and purified blood. Read this:

The cure of Olive Carl by Hood's Sarsaparilla has few equals in medical history. The testimonial was first published two years ago, and a late letter from her mother says Olive continues in good health and "We are satisfied her remarkable cure by Hood's Sarsaparilla was permanent."

Briefly stated the case was this: "When Olive was 8 years old she had the whooping cough and measles, followed by intense pains in every joint in her body, like rheumatism. Physicians were puzzled, but after a consultation, pronounced the disease

Constitutional Scrofula.

"When we began to use Hood's Sarsaparilla, she could not be moved without crying out with pain, and we were compelled to cut her hair, as she could not bear the weight of it. At first the change for the better was very gradual; the pains seemed to be less frequent and the swelling in some of the joints subsided after using about one bottle. Then improvement was more rapid and one night she surprised us greatly by telling us that we need not prop her up in bed as we had done for several months, and next night she surprised us still more by rolling over across the bed. From that time on

Improvement Was Very Rapid

and she soon began to creep about the house and then to walk on crutches. Now she generally uses but one crutch, the disease having left one leg crooked, and I fear it will remain so. We feel that to Hood's Sarsaparilla we owe our child's life.

"I can't eat, I have no appetite," is the complaint of many people just now. This is because the blood is in a sluggish and impure condition. Vitalize and enrich it by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and you will soon be hungry all the time because your blood will demand sustenance from good food.

Nervous Dyspepsia.

"I suffered with what the doctors called nervous dyspepsia. I could hardly walk and could hardly keep anything on my stomach. I doctored for six or seven years but the different medicines did not do me any good and I grew steadily worse. I would have sick headache for three days and nights, causing me such agony that it seemed as though I would rather die than live. I was told to try Hood's Sarsaparilla and did so. When I had finished the third bottle I was so much better that I could eat things that I had not dared to eat before for years. I have taken 6 bottles and feel like a different person." MRS. SIMON DECKER, Ruggles, Pa.

"Refreshing sleep has been given me by Hood's Sarsaparilla and I now rest well and do not feel tired in the morning as I used to." JOHN CRAIG, Somerville, Massachusetts.

Makes Pure Blood

Recent Literature.

Readers desiring any further information whatever about these volumes will please address the publishers, whose address is given in every case, and not inquire of The Blade. We do not deal in books.

In the International Scientific Series appears a revised edition of a work which was considered an authority when published in 1881. This is The Sun, by Prof. C. A. Young. To quote a recent writer: The author has undertaken a thorough rehandling of the work, involving the rewriting of the considerable portions, and the addition in the text of much that was needed "to make the book fairly representative of the solar science of to-day." That in its revised form it now answers the above definition, quoted from the author's new preface, no one who knows Prof. Young's habitual caution and precision of statement will doubt. No more authoritive utterance concerning a progressive branch of science ever came more opportunely than this new edition of The Sun. The book, in its new form, certainly deserves, and will unquestionably obtain, an even greater circulation than that which it has hitherto enjoyed. The volume is published by D. Appleton & Co., New York City.

A Princess of the Gutter, by L. T. Meade, is a story presenting in vivid colors the wretchedness of the poor in London. The unfortunate young girl who is the heroine is a young girl who is heir to an estate of a hundred thousand dollars, consisting largely of tenement houses in East London. Upon her uncle's death bed he tells her that she is to possess this property and tells her what to do what he has not done—deal justly with the people with whom she will be brought into contact. This she promises and this promise has with her all the strength of a bond. Against the advice of her friends and putting away from her all the allurements of ease and enjoyment, she goes into the quarters of the poor resolved to understand the life there. The descriptions of the suffering, the misery, the crime which she found there fills the reader with horror, knowing it is all from real life. The book reminds one of Walter Besant's story of All Sorts and Conditions of Men, running as it does upon the ditions of Men, running as it does upon the same lines. The story is a most impressive one and ought to aid in turning attention to work among our own people, where the need is so great. The volume is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York City.

Russian Portraits, by Melchior de Vagne, is translated from the French by Elisabeth L. Carr. They are wonderfully vivid sketches by an author who occupies a significant place in the literature and politics of France to-day. These sketches were written several years ago and published in periodicals as portraits of the people of Russia. They will carry the same thought to-day as when they first appeared, and give an equally good idea of Russian character. Published in the Autonym Library by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York City.

Margaret Deland's story entitled Philip and His Wife is brought out in paper covers by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, in their Riverside Series. The book was noticed at length upon its first publication, and a re-reading shows that it has lost none of its charm. Those who have not read it at all have a pleasure in store.

A Breed of Barren Metal or Currency and Interest is a study of social and industrial problems by J. W. Bennet. It is an effort to show the remedy for the existing state of things, and whether the author has reached the solution of these questions or not his treatise is well worth reading. He begins with showing the importance of studies in sociology and then goes on with a discussion of disastrous phenomena, such as periodical panics, etc; the Distribution of Wealth; The Condition of the Laborer; The Margin of Profits; The Landlord; The Productive power of Wealth, and many other vital subjects. The volume is published by Charles H. Kerr & Co., 175 Monroe street, Chicago.

A New Woman, by Jesse De Follart Hamblin, is a story of a young girl who endeavors to prove that independence in all ways is the true life for woman. It is crude in conception and in the carrying out, but there are some good points that make the reader believe that the author is capable of better work. She has made no heroine anything but an admirable character while evidently designing to do so. The book is published by Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.

A story by Eleanor Stuart is entitled Stonepastures. Its characters are in the lower walks of life but they are quite clearly pictured and the heroine is a good woman who, upon her wedding day, receives a terrible shock which changes her after life. Her devotion to the man she was to marry bringing him through great suffering and danger, makes up the narrative. D. Appleton & Co., New York are the publishers.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A Note of Cheer.

The rain has drowned the roses
And the violet is gone;
The winter round us closes,
And the mists are coming on.
But despite the winter's railing—
Though the summer's sweets depart,
There is life and love unfailing
In the summer of the heart.
—Atlanta Constitution.

The Wrong Person.

Old Bachelor (very near sighted)—Where's your husband?

Charming Widow (twin sister of the other lady)—I'm sure I don't know.—Harlem Life.

IN PERSPECTIVE.

WHY OBJECTS DECREASE IN SIZE AS THEY RECEDE.

Some Optical Illusions for Which Architects and Artists Must Provide—The Vanishing Point.

The boy was staring at the fire. The father noticed it, but presuming that he was only thinking hard, as is not unusual, paid no futher attention to him. After a half hour had passed he looked up from his evening paper, and found his son still in the same attitude.

"What's the trouble, boy?" he exclaimed suddenly.

"Oh, I was only thinking."

"You must have been thinking pretty hard to keep staring at nothing for half an hour. What's the trouble now?"

"I was just wondering why it is that when the full moon rises it first looks as big as a house almost; then when it gets away up in the sky it gets smaller until it only seems as big as a dollar."

"Yes, I see, you are at your old tricks again. There is no doubt but that you are a chip of the old block. Your question borders on two important subjects, perspective and optical illusion."

"What are they?"

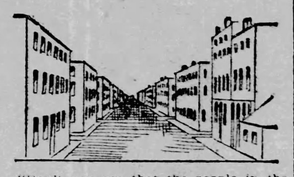
"Perspective is a subject that explains why and how objects which are at a distance from us seem smaller than those near by."

"Why, do they?"

"Certainly. Doesn't a man two blocks away seem smaller than one who is only a block away?"

"I never thought about it in that way."

"Well, here is a picture looking down a city street:



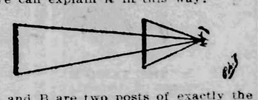
"Don't you see that the people in the distance seem like mere specks compared with those near by?"

"Oh, eys, sir, they do."

"Now, as a matter of fact, the people in the distance are no smaller than those in the foreground, so you must admit that we do not see things as they really are."

"That is so, but papa, why is it?"

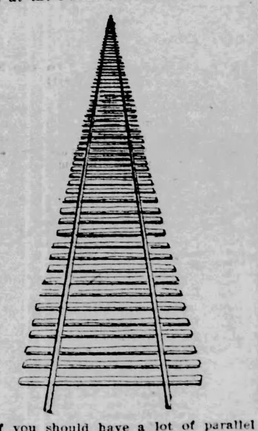
"We can explain it in this way:



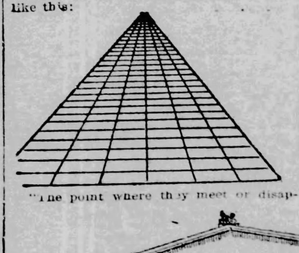
"A and B are two posts of exactly the same height, but at different distances from the eye. The size of the image made on the respective part of our eye depends upon the angle made by the rays of light which come from the ends of these posts. Now this angle for the post A you can easily see is much smaller than that of B, consequently post B will appear to be larger than A."

"Then if our eyes deceive us how can we be sure of the size of anything?"

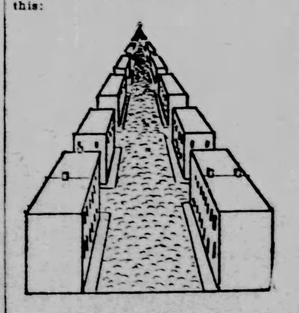
"Only by measurement. You could not measure the height of a house, for instance, by the eye, although you might after years of practice be able to do it very closely. What is true of vertical lines is true of horizontal ones. The ties of a railroad seem to grow shorter as the track recedes, and the rails seem to come together until they meet or nearly meet at the horizon, like this:



"If you should have a lot of parallel lines like these tracks they would all seem to converge and meet at the horizon like this:



"The point where they meet or disappear is known as the vanishing point and if you will look at the first picture you will see that all the parallel lines, such as the curb lines, rows of windows, edges of roofs, etc., all slant in the direction of this point. Also notice that the upper lines have to start downward and those at the bottom, as the curb line, have to start upward. There is a general law for this—the vanishing point is on a level with the eyes; all lines below the eye start upward, all above the eye downward to pass through this point; so if you should look along the street from a high roof, all the lines would start like this:



"Will you please tell me about the moon now?"

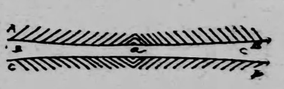
"Yes, the edges of the moon make the same angle with the eye when the moon is just above the horizon as when it is up high in the sky; but when it has just risen there may be houses away off near the horizon, which you forget look small and which make as large an angle as the moon, whereas if those buildings were nearer to you, the angle would be greater, but that of the moon would remain the same. Then when the moon is up higher, there is nothing with which to compare it and you can easily hold a penny up before you so as to completely hide the moon from your sight."

"I see. What was the other subject?"

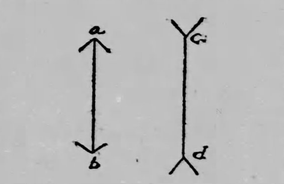
"Optical illusions."

"What are they?"

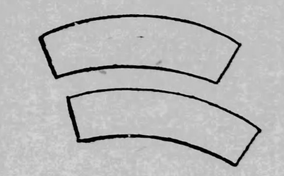
"Things which deceive the eyes. Perspective is really an optical illusion, for in the case of the railroad we know that the tracks are everywhere equally distant, and the eye is deceived. But aside from this there are many things which are well understood, but not so common. Here, for example, are two straight and parallel lines A B and C D:



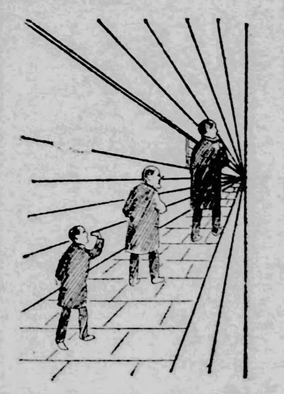
"They look nearer together at 'a' than at the two ends 'b' and 'c,' when in reality they are the same distance apart at all points. Here is another illustration:



"The lines a-b and c-d are exactly the same length. Then, again, these two drawings are of exactly the same size, as you can prove by cutting them out and placing one upon the other.



"Here is a peculiar one. You would imagine at once that the man walking ahead is the tallest.



"But you will find by actual measurement that No. 1 is taller than the others. This is easy to explain. The perspective lines would lead our eyes to expect the figures to be smaller as they recede. As they are out of perspective the eye is deceived and believes them larger than they are.

"These things are really very important and have to be guarded against very carefully by artists and architects. The ancient Greeks, who reached a degree of perfection which we can hardly hope to approach, understood these facts and took careful account of them in their buildings. The finest building they erected—the Parthenon at Athens—was probably more nearly perfect than any building that has ever been erected. Here is a sketch of it:

"The upright posts called columns were larger at the bottom than at the top. If the outside edges were straight lines the column would appear to the eye to curve inward. To avoid this optical illusion the column was curved slightly outward, thus appearing to the eye to be perfectly straight. Then, again, should these columns be perfectly upright the building would appear to the eye to spread outward at the top. To correct this appearance the columns were inclined slightly inward, so slight, however, is this inclination that were the center lines of two columns on opposite sides of the building continued upward till they should meet the meeting point would be 1,952 yards, or more than a mile from the ground. Then, again, the long horizontal edge of the roof on the side would appear to the eye to droop in the middle, and to correct this effect this line was curved slightly upward. But we do not need to go into ancient history to find cases of optical illusions, for we are surrounded by them. Take our ordinary printing. In letters like H if the top were the same size as the bottom they would appear too heavy; so the top must be made smaller."

"But, papa, the tops of these are not smaller."

SSSSSSSSSS

"Yes they are. If you don't believe it turn this page upside down." The boy did so and this is what he saw:

SSSSSSSSSS

The father has been wondering ever since this talk whether he cleared up the matter or mystified the child more than ever.—Edwin W. Foster in the Brooklyn Eagle.

Got the Marble Heart Instead.

He—My heart is thine.

She—What in the world do you think I want with a cigarette heart?—Indianapolis Journal.

Like Ingersoll.

Life, as we call it, is nothing but the edge of the boundless ocean of existence where it comes upon soundings.—Holmes.

—Impoverished blood causes that tired feeling. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies, enriches and vitalizes the blood and gives vigor and vitality.

BOARDING HOUSE BUNS.

Skinner—Is Mr. Laylow one of your permanent boarders?

The Landlady—He is. I told him he couldn't leave until he had paid up.—Life.

Mrs. Hashton—I lost two of my best boarders this week.

Mrs. Hammond—Perhaps they fell through a crack in the floor.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Mrs. Border House—Gentlemen, the banquet is spread.

Mr. Thinne—Yes, seems to be quite wide spread. If you would only concentrate it a little it should cover a much better. I'm not much of a sprinter, you know.—Fashions.

Mrs. Border House—Did you ever visit a county fair in England and run up a greasy pole?

Mr. White Chapel—No, but Hi 'ave been running down on greasy board hever since Hi 'ave been in this blasted country, though.—Fashions.

Mrs. Wreakhard (the landlady)—How is it that you are taking your medicine after dinner? I thought the doctor told you to take it before meals.

Mr. Oldboarder—He said it didn't make any difference as long as I took it on an empty stomach.—Life.

Mrs. Skinner (the boarding-house keeper)—Mr. Hall Rome, you have been here four weeks and you have not paid me a cent of board yet.

Mr. Hall Rome (in apparent surprise)—Why, Mrs. Skinner, when I came here you told me I was to make myself perfectly at home!

Mrs. Skinner—I know I did.

Mr. Hall Rome—Well, I never paid board when I was at home.—Puck.

The Farmstead.

Information Regarding Kaffir Corn.

The information given below will answer many questions about Kaffir corn. It may be relied upon as in every way correct as it comes from the parties from whom The Blade gets its Kaffir corn now on its premium list:

It will succeed in almost every section of this country with the exception of the northern parts of the states along the Canadian line, where only the hardiest varieties of field corn can be grown successfully.

Kaffir corn will do well in any part of the United States where corn can be grown successfully, and will thrive in dry seasons where field corn will fail entirely. It is a non-saccharine sorghum that produces an enormous amount of forage and fodder, and can be grown at a less expense than almost any other food for stock.

The heads contain small white seeds which make excellent flour, they are greedily eaten by horses and cattle and also make splendid food for poultry, fed either in the grain or ground and cooked.

The foliage and stalk make the finest forage or fodder so that there is not a particle of waste in the entire plant. For the best results sow in rows about three feet apart, using from three to four pounds of seed to the acre.

The most valuable features of this new forage and fodder plant are its ability to withstand either damp or dry weather, its immense yields and adaptability to all parts of this country, with the exception of the extreme north, where only the hardiest and earliest variety of corn will succeed.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Brahma's Legs Weak.

M. M. G., Arkansas: Your Brahma male is very likely afflicted with rheumatism. Keep him in dry, warm, quarters and rub the legs with warm mustard water, afterward wiping them dry. Give good, stimulating food, but no corn. Feed wheat, barley, bran boiled with wheat, and give a little meat. In cockerel's leg weakness is frequently the result of growing too rapidly. You should give freely of bone dust or break bones fine and let him eat all he wants. This strengthens the bones, and at times will cure without medicine of any kind. He should have plenty of green food. Onion chopped up with bran and wheat is good. The onions should be put in the bran and wheat after they are boiled. Feed warm.

Kaffir Corn—Planting and Harvesting.

H. F. W., Montana: Kaffir corn will admit of close drilling and produce a full grain crop, and with thick seeding, will make excellent hay—from 3 to 4 tons per acre. The quantity of seed sown per acre should be varied somewhat to suit the conditions, but in most cases, if broadcast, one bushel will be sufficient, and if drilled, three pecks. The best plan for hay is to plant thick enough to make it fine without considering the grain. If grain is wanted, drill the rows far enough apart so as to produce the largest yield of grain. The rows should not be farther apart than three feet, and may be as close as two and one half. The stalks should be from 4 to 6 inches apart in the rows. It should be planted only half as deep as corn, and not until the weather has become warm and settled. In more Northern climates the first of June is early enough. In the South, last of April or first of May. Cut and shock the same as corn. Make large shocks and tie well at the top. As to harvesting, after being cured in shock, run through a threshing machine and separate the grain separated as in wheat. When a thresher cannot be had, load the stalks on a corn rick, with heads extending over the side and cut them off with a hay or corn knife. Then thresh or flail out the seed. To harvest Kaffir corn hay, in fair fall weather it will cure sufficiently in two or three days after cutting so that it may be cocked. At first the cocks should not be large, and should be well raked down to turn the rain. After a week or ten days, haul, stack, and cover with some material that will turn water.

Cranberry Culture.

G. F., Kansas: Cranberries are extensively raised in Maine, New Jersey and Wisconsin, although they are raised in many states of the Union. A good quality of cranberry is raised in this (Lucas) county. The cranberry gets its name from the appearance of its bud. Just before expanding into the perfect flower, the stem, calyx and petals resemble the neck, head and bill of a crane—hence the name, cranberry or cranberry. There are two varieties, the small and large, the latter known as the American cranberry. They are planted in strips, hills or drills. Plant from April to first of June. It is a hardy vine. They may be planted in the fall. In sod planting, take them from their native place with a little soil to each plant and deposit them where needed. This way is but seldom practical. Hill planting—take bunches of clean vines; mark out drills two feet apart each way, and plant a handful of vines at each intersection. A funnel-shaped hole is used by many who believe in this way of planting. Lay out the ground with a plow, in rows three feet apart; scatter the vines thinly but evenly along the furrows, putting one or two in a place. Lean them up against the "land side," projecting 4 or 5 inches above the surface. Fill up with a hoe. Cuttings will grow. The meadow should have good drainage, for a soggy ground will retard growth. Keep down weeds. In three or four years the vines will become thoroughly matted. After the vines are well matted, considerable moisture is necessary in a season of drouth. A moist surface while fruit is growing will develop the best formed berries. When irrigation is practiced the water should be lowered in the ditches by the middle of August. Winter flooding is necessary to success in raising cranberries. Young plantations should not be flooded until the third winter after planting, unless the vines are infested with worms. To properly flood a meadow construct a substantial drain across the lower end of it. Bog or peat soil is the best for cranberries. They may be raised in any of the states profitably, but too far south.

Colt Had a Snag in Its Leg.

C. M. H., North Carolina: That was a very bad place for a snag to penetrate the leg, as it is likely to result in hog spavin. The editor goes on the belief, after reading your letter, that the part injured has closed up and healed. Are you sure that all the particles of the snag that entered its leg were removed. If not, irritation will cause an abscess and running sore in the end. It may be that your colt is now troubled with spavin. There is no certain cure for this, although the swelling may be reduced by rubbing in a little of the following twice a day for five or six days, washing off before each application with warm water and soap and afterward drying the part well: Bin-iodids of mercury

Talmage's Sermon.

PUT YE IN THE SICKLE FOR THE HARVEST IS RIPE.

Reapers Are Needed—There Is Room for All and There Is Labor for All.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 17.—A change has taken place. Dr. Talmage when first coming to Washington preached only Sunday evenings, but so great has been the demand for his services that he now preaches Sunday morning and evening, and takes charge of the Thursday evening meeting. The throngs are immense. The subject of his sermon for Sunday was "Bringing in the Sheaves," the text being Joel iii. 13: "Put ye in the sickle, for the harvest is ripe."

The sword has been poetized and the world has celebrated the sword of Bolivar, the sword of Cortez, and the sword of Lafayette. The pen has been properly eulogized, and the world has celebrated the pen of Addison, the pen of Southey, and the pen of Irving. The painte s' pencil has been honored, and the world has celebrated the pencil of Murillo, the pencil of Reubens, and the pencil of Bierstadt. The sculptor's chisel has come in for high encomium, and the world has celebrated Chantrey's chisel, and Crawford's chisel, and Greenough's chisel. But there is one instrument about which I sing the first canto that was ever sung—thy sickle, the sickle of the Bible, the sickle that has reaped the harvest of many centuries. Sharp and bent into a semi-circle, and glittering, this reaping hook, no longer than your arm, has furnished the bread for thousands of years. Its success has produced the wealth of nations. It has had more to do with the world's progress than sword, and pen, and pencil, and chisel, all put together. Christ puts the sickle into exquisite sermonic simile, and you see that instrument flash all up and down the Apocalypse as St. John swings it, while through Joel in my text God commands the people, as through his servants now he commands them: "Put ye in the sickle for the harvest is ripe."

Last November there was great rejoicing all over this land. With trumpet and cornet and organ and thousand-voiced psalm we praised the Lord for the temporal harvests. We praise God for the wheat, the rye, the oats, the cotton, the rice, all the grains of the field; and the nation never does a better thing than when in the autumn it gathers to festivity and thanks God for the greatness of the harvest. But I come to-day to speak to you of richer harvests, even the spiritual. How shall we estimate the value of a man? We say he is worth so many dollars, or he has achieved such and such a position; but we know very well there are some men at the top of the ladder who ought to be at the bottom, and some at the bottom who ought to be at the top, and the only way to estimate a man is by his soul. We all know that we shall live forever. Death can not kill us. Other crafts may be drawn into the whirlpool or shivered on the rocks, but this life within us will weather all storms and drop no anchor, and ten million years after death will shake out signals on the high seas of eternity. You put the merchant off your doorstep and say he is only a beggar; but he is worth all the gold of the mountain, worth all the pearls of the sea, worth the solid earth, worth sun, and moon and stars, worth the entire material universe. Take all the paper that ever came from the paper mills and put it side by side, and sheet by sheet, and let men with fleetest pens make figures on that paper for ten thousand years, and they will only have begun to express the value of the soul. Suppose I owned Colorado and Nevada, and Australia, of how much value would they be to me one moment after I departed this life? How much of Philadelphia does Stephen Girard own to-day? How much of Boston property does Abbott Lawrence own to-day? The man who to-day hath a dollar in his pocket hath more worldly estate than the millionaire who died last year. How do you suppose I feel standing here surrounded by multitudes of souls, each one worth more than the material universe?

Oh, was I not right in saying, this spiritual harvest is richer than the material harvest? I must heighten the girdle. I must sharpen the sickle. I must be careful how I swing the instrument for gathering the grain, lest one stalk be lost. One of the most powerful sickles for reaping this spiritual harvest is the preaching of the gospel. If the sickle have a rosewood handle, and it be adorned with precious stones, and yet it cannot bring down the grain, it is not much of a sickle, and preaching amounts to nothing unless it harvests souls for God. Shall we preach philosophy? The Ralph Waldo Emersons could beat us at that. Shall we preach science? The Agassizes could beat us at that. The minister of Jesus Christ with weakest arm going forth in earnest prayer, and wielding this sickle of the gospel, shall find the harvest all around him waiting for the angel sheafbearers. Oh, this harvest of souls! I notice in the fields that the farmer did not stand upright when he gathered the grain. I noticed he had to stoop to his work, and I noticed in order to bind the sheaves the better he had to put his knees upon them. And as we go forth in this work for God we cannot stand upright in our rhetoric and our metaphysics and our erudition. We have to stoop to our work. Aye, we have to put our knee to it or we will never gather sheaves for the Lord's garner. Peter swung that sickle on the day of Pentecost, and three thousand sheaves came in. Richard Baxter swung that sickle at Kidderminster and McCheyne at Dundee, and vast multitudes came into the kingdom of our God.

Oh, this is a mighty Gospel! It captured not only John the lamb, but Paul the lion. Men may gnash their teeth at it, and clinch their fists, but it is the power of God and the wisdom of God unto salvation. But alas, if it is only preached in pulpits and on Sabbath days! We must go forth into our stores, our shops, our banking houses, our factories, and the streets, and everywhere preach Christ. We stand in our pulpits for two hours on the Sabbath and command Christ to the people; but there are 168 hours in the week, and what are the two hours on the Sabbath against the 166? Oh, there comes down the ordination of God this day upon all the people, men who toil with head and hand and foot—the ordination comes upon all merchants, upon all mechanics, upon all toilers, and God says to you as he says to me: "Go, teach all nations. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned." Mighty Gospel, let the whole earth hear it! The story of Christ is to regenerate the nations, it is eradicate all wrong, it is to turn the earth into a paradise. An old artist painted the Lord's supper, and he wanted the chief attention directed to the face of Christ. When he invited his friends in to criticise the picture they admired the chalices more than they did the face, and the old artist said, "This picture is a failure," and he dashed out the picture of the cups, and said: "I shall have nothing to detract from the face of the Lord; Christ is the all of this picture."

Another powerful sickle for the reaping of this harvest is Christian song. I know in many churches the whole work is delegated to a few people standing in the organ loft. But, my friends, as others cannot repent for us and others cannot die for us, we cannot delegate to others the work of singing for us. While a few drilled artists shall take the chants and execute the more skillful music, when the hymn is given out let there be hundreds and thousands of voices uniting in the acclamation. On the way to grandeurs that never cease and glories that never die, let us sing. At the battle of Lutzen, a general came to the king and said: "Those soldiers are singing as they are going into battle. Shall I stop them?" "No," said the king, "men that can sing like that can fight." Oh, the power of Christian song! When I argue here you may argue back. The argument you make against religion may be more skillful than the argument I make in behalf of religion. But who can stand before the pathos of some uplifted song like that which we sometimes sing:

Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive!
Let a repenting rebel live!
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

Another mighty sickle for the reaping of the gospel harvest is prayer. What does God do with our prayers? Does he go on battlements of heaven and throw them off? No. What do you do with gifts given you by those you love very much? You keep them with great sacredness. And do you suppose God will take our prayers, offered in the sincerity of our hearts, and scatter them to the winds? Oh, no! He will answer them all in some way. Oh, what a mighty thing prayer is! It is not a long rigmarole of "ohs" and "ahs," and "forever and ever, Amens." It is a breathing of the heart into the heart of God. Oh, what a mighty thing prayer is! Elijah with it reached up to the clouds and shook down the showers. With it John Knox shook Scotland. With it Martin Luther shook the earth. And when Philip Melanchthon lay sick unto death, as many supposed, Martin Luther came in and said, "Philip, we can't spare you!" "Oh," said he, "Martin, you must let me go: I am tired of persecution, and tired of life. I want to go to be with my God." "No," said Martin Luther, "you shall not go; you must take this food and then I will pray for you." "No, Martin," said Melanchthon, "you must let me go." Martin Luther said: "You take this food, or I will excommunicate you." He took the food, and Martin Luther knelt down and prayed as only he could pray, and convalescence came, and Martin Luther went back and said to his friends: "God has saved the life of Philip Melanchthon in direct answer to my prayer." Oh, the power of prayer! Dr. Prime, of New York, in his beautiful book entitled "Around the World," described a mausoleum in India, which it took 20,000 men 22 years to build—that and the buildings surrounding—and he says: "Standing in that mausoleum and uttering a word, it is echoed back from a height of 150 feet; not an ordinary echo, but a prolonged music, as though there were angels hovering in the air." And every word of earnest prayer we utter has an echo, not from the marble cupola of an earthly mausoleum, but from the heart of God and from the wings of angels as they hover, crying, "Behold, he prays!" Oh, test it! Mighty sickle for reaping this gospel harvest, the sickle of prayer!

It does not make so much difference about the posture you take, whether you sit, stand, or kneel, or lie on your face, or in your physical agony lie on your back. It does not make any difference about the physical posture, as was shown in a hospital, when the chaplain said as he looked over the beds of the suffering: "Let all those wounden men here who would like to be prayed for lift the hand." Some lifted two hands; others lifted one hand; some with hands amputated could only lift the stump of the arm. One man, both his arms amputated, could give no signal except to say, "Me! Me." Oh, it does not make any difference whether you can lift a hand or have no hand to lift. God is ready to hear you. Prayer is answered. God is waiting to respond.

"Lift up your eyes upon the fields, for they are white already to harvest!" How many have you reaped for God? Do you ask me how many I have reaped for God? I cannot say. Now can you say how many you have reaped? I hope there are some who have been brought into the kingdom of God through your instrumentality. Have there not been? Not one? You a man thirty-five, forty, fifty years of age and not one? I see souls coming up to glory. Here is a Sunday school teacher bringing ten or fifteen souls. Here is a tract distributer bringing in forty or fifty souls. Here is a man you never heard of who has been very useful in bringing souls to God. He comes with one hundred and fifty souls. They are the sheaves of his harvest. How many have you brought? Not one—can it be? What will God say? What will the angels say? Better crouch down in some corner of heaven and never show yourself. Oh, that harvest is to be reaped now! And that is this instant! Why not reap for God this hour?

"Oh," says some man, "I have been going on the wrong road for thirty, forty or fifty years; I have gone through the whole catalogue of crime and must first get myself fixed up." Ah, you will never get yourself fixed up until Christ takes you in charge. You will get worse and worse until he comes to the rescue. "Not the righteous, sinners Jesus came to call." So, you see, I take the very worst case there is. If there is a man here to-day who is not right in heart and life, I am talking to him, for he is probably a hypocrite. I will talk to him some other time. But if there is a man who feels himself all wrong, to him I address myself. You may be wounden in the hands and wounded in the feet and wounded in the head, and wounded in the heart, and though the gangrene of eternal death be upon you, one drop of the elixir of divine love will purge your soul. Though you be soaked in evil indulgences, though your feet have gone in unclean places, though you have companioned with the abandoned and the lost, one touch of divine grace will save your soul.

I do not say that you will not have struggles after that. Oh, no! But they will be a different kind of struggle. You go into battle with hell and all hell against you, and you are alone, and you fight and you fight, weaker and weaker and weaker, until at last you fall and the powers of darkness trample on your soul. But in the other case you go into the battle and you fight stronger and stronger and stronger, until the evil propensity goes down and you get the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Oh, come out to-day against those sins that have been bruised with sin long enough? Have you not carried that load long enough? Have you not foughth that battle long enough?

I rattle the gates of your sepulchre today. I take the trumpet of the Gospel and blow the long, loud blast. Roland went into battle. Charlemagne's army had been driven back by the three armies of the Saracens, and Roland, in almost despair, took up the trumpet and blew three blasts in one of the mountain passes, and under the power of those three blasts the Saracens recoiled and fled in terror. Three times I sound, and when he had blown the third blast Roland's trumpet broke.

I take this trumpet of the gospel and blow the first blast: "Whosoever will, let him come." The second blast: "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found." I blow the third blast: "Now is the accepted time." But the trumpet does not break. It was handed down to us from our fathers, and we hand it down to our children, that after we are dead they may blow the trumpet, telling the world that we have a pardoning God, a loving God, a sympathetic God and that more to Him than the throne on which He sits is the joy of seeing a prodigal put his finger on the latch of his father's house.

I invite any one the most infidel, any one the most atheistical, I invite you into the kingdom of God with just as much heartiness as those who have for fifty years been under the teachings of the gospel and believed it all. When I was living in Philadelphia a gentleman told me of a scene in which he was a participant. In Callowhill street, in Philadelphia, there had been a powerful meeting going on for some time and many were converted and among others one of the prominent members of the worst club houses in the city. The next night the leader of that club house, the president of it, resolved that he would endeavor to get his comrade away. He came to the door, and before he entered he heard a Christian song, and under its power his soul was agitated. He went in and asked for prayer. Before he came out he was a subject of converting mercy. The next night another comrade went to reclaim the two who had been lost to their sinful circle. He went, and, under the power of the Holy Ghost became a changed man, and the work went on until they were all saved and the infamous club house disbanded. Oh, it is a mighty gospel! Though you came here a child of sin you can go away a child of grace, you can go away singing:

Amazing grace, how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me;
I once was lost, but now am found—
Was blind, but now I see.

Most of your life is already gone. Your children are going on the same wrong road. Why do you not stop? "This day is salvation come to thy house." Why not this moment look up into the face of Christ and say:

Just as I am, without one plea
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

God is going to save you. You are going to be among the shining ones. After the toils of life are over, you are going up to the coveting rest, you are going to join the loved ones, departed parents and departed children. "O, my God," says some man, "how can I come to thee? I am so far off. Who will help me, I am so weak? It seems such a great undertaking." Oh, my brother, it is a great undertaking! It is so great you can not accomplish it, but Christ can do the work. He will correct your heart, and he will correct your life. "Oh," you say, "I will stop profanity." That will not save you. "Oh," you say, "I will stop Sabbath- breaking." That will not save you. There is only one door into the kingdom of God, and that is faith; only one ship that sails for Heaven, and that is faith. Faith the first step, the second step, the hundredth step, the thousandth step, the last step. By faith we enter the kingdom. By faith we keep in. In faith we die. Heaven a reward of faith. The earthquake shook down the Philipplan dungeon. The jailor said: "What shall I do?" Some of you would say: "Better get out of the place before the walls crush you." What did the Apostle say? "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

"Ah," you say, "there's the rub." What is faith? Suppose you were thirsty and I offered you a glass of water, and you believe I meant to give it to you, and you came up and took it. You exercise faith. You believe I mean to keep my promise. Christ offers you the water of everlasting life. You take it. That is faith.

Enter into the kingdom of God. Enter now. The door of life is set wide open. I plead with you by the bloody sweat of Gethsemane and the death-groan of Golgotha, by cross and crown, by Pilate's court room and Joseph's sepulchre, by harps and chains, by kingdoms of light and realms of darkness, by the trumpet of the archangel that shall wake the dead, and by the throne of the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb, that you attend now to the things of eternity. Oh, what a sad thing it will be if, having come so near heaven, we miss it! Oh, to have come within sight of the shining pinnacles of the city and not have entered! Oh, to have been so near we have seen the mighty throng enter, and we not joining them! Angels of God, fly this way! Good news for you, tell the story among the redeemed on high! If there be one there especially longing for our salvation let that one know it now. We put down our sorrows. Glory be to God for such a hope, for such a pardon, for such a joy, for such a heaven, for such a Christ!

GILLAM'S STORIES.

Some Interesting Anecdotes Told by the Famous Cartoonist.

In an interview some time ago Cartoonist Gillam, who died last Sunday, said he considered that Ben Butler had the most pliable face from the viewpoint of the cartoonist of any man ever before the American people.

"His was a face," said Mr. Gillam, "which could be represented in an infinite variety of suggestive poses, and usually with telling effect. You know there was something about his eyes which suggested spoons. I used to draw him with the 'dot' in his eye—the 'dot' being the White House. I once made Mr. Butler's face out of spoons. It was quite simple.

"Mr. Hill loves to be cartooned. I once said to him: 'Well, Mr. Hill, I have been using you rather hard of late.' I anticipated he would give me a good dressing down. Oh, the contrary he shook hands and said: 'I am not displeased; draw me as you like; the more pictures the more votes!'

"I do not think that any of the men now before the public have very striking faces. The trouble with our public men is that they change their style so often—their clothes, their hair, their beard. Grant used to wear quite a beard at one time, but some years before his death he had trimmed it down so close that you could hardly call it a beard. In England public men look always the same. Gladstone has worn the same broad, rolling collar for fully thirty years, and his old-fashioned stiff, black coat.

"I regard Mr. Depew's whiskers as preeminently the most suggestive features of to-day's comic art possibilities. If he and Sockless Jerry would only do something they would each be made immortal so far as our art is concerned.

"Mr. Harrison bends forward somewhat; the stiff, short neck is characteristic. Mr. Depew has a very strong face; loves to see his face in the comic papers—he fairly revels in it. His feature is his Roman nose, just as Mr. Evarts' characteristic is his big brain, and as Mr. Gould's was the squint eyes and pointed beard. Mr. Evarts's beard suggests a bald eagle, there is something so stern about the grand old man, that one can easily see the outlines of the eagle in his clear-cut features.

"One day he said to me: 'Gillam, it's all right to draw me as the American eagle, an I will do it, but for heaven's name, why do you always place on my head such shocking hats? Now, I want you to understand that for a long time I have been trying to do a little missionary work among the cartoonists on the hat matter and to that end I have actually been spending more money for hats than any man in Washington. I leave this to my hatter, if you want proof.

"Well, it was droll. The fact was while Mr. Evarts used to wear good hats and expensive clothes, as he said, still he was very careless in the way he put his head gear on, giving the effect of ancient battered hats. And so I never failed to top off this gentleman with a shockingly bad hat.

Most men take the lampooning in good part, but once I received a letter from a prominent Michigan lumber man who had a diminutive Presidential boom, threatening to break my back, because I represented him as a summer butterfly rallying amidst the flowers of popular favor; unbeknath was the legend that the butterfly would have disappeared when the November winds blew cold and deep.

"Roscoe Conkling was inordinately sensitive; his long and bitter fight with Harpers grew out of his intense aversion to a certain cartoon. Mr. Cleveland is very averse to certain liberties taken by the cartoonists. He dislikes to be misrepresented as to size. Mr. Blaine, too, often pronounced vigorously against this or that cartoon."

SCARED BY A GHOST.

A Chicago Girl's Experience in Taking a Midnight Bath.

She is very much afraid of ghosts. Of course she admits in a serious conversation that there are no ghosts, but she rather enjoys being scared at the pretense that there are, says the Chicago News.

Girls would be dreadfully bored if it were not for their imaginations. On the whole she sometimes confides it is burglars that she is most afraid of. She is one of those girls that revel in emotions, adore frights, and who would go a mile to be startled. The other night she had a scare which has sobered her for a full week. All her family were asleep when she came home from the theatre, and as she dragged her tired self upstairs it suddenly occurred to her that the beauticulturist had told her a hot bath when one was a-weary was an excellent tonic.

She smiled at the midnight idea and proceeded to act on it. One of her bright little proceedings in the course of the next half hour was to lay some matches on the marble. All was dark and rather black when she again crept softly into the hall, wrapped her voluminous robe about her, and with her hands full of matches, brushes and various trappings, started for the bath room. She says that when she was half way there and looked down only to see one pale yellow, luminously flickering eye glaring at her and almost touching her she couldn't make it stop for a minute.

But she did! You just ask the family about it if you want a graphic and springhtly description of the echoes she set a-rolling. Of course, when she dropped, she dropped everything, and the sight of that strange eye breaking into a dozen pieces which went flying all over the hall did not calm her any. But she knows better now than to put a handful of matches in a damp place.

FLASHLIGHT PHOTOGRAPHY.

The Art is Being Rapidly Developed in New Directions.

Naturalists have been doing some clever things by the aid of photography. A Western sportsman has been for years making a collection of photographs of all kinds of wild animals in their native haunts, and many of these pictures, especially of animals about to spring at their intended prey, have been taken under conditions that made the skillful handling of the rifle highly necessary the instant after the camera was snapped. Another enthusiast has devoted himself to photographing the animals of the forest in their nightly wanderings. He would set a wire in the path of the animal he wished to photograph, and adjust the camera so that as the animal came along and made contact with the wire blitz-pulver was ignited and in the flash the picture was taken.

In this way some beautiful specimens of deer in all sorts of attitudes, of mountain lions, badgers, opossums, etc., have been secured, and many new features have been developed of great interest to the naturalist. M. Bontan, the European naturalist, who studies the wild life of the Mediterranean in the garb of a diver, has succeeded in taking some photographs of the sea bottom. He uses flashlight obtained from a spirit lamp and magnesium powder, which is covered by a water-tight bell-jar. The lamp stands on a barrel containing oxygen gas, which he employs to work the lamp and the pneumatic shutter of the camera. He breathes through the supply pipe of the diving dress. The camera is water-tight and stands on a tripod near the barrel, so that the shutter and the flashlicht can be worked together.—Journal of Photography.

Ninety Per Cent.

Of the people need to take a course of Hood's Sarsaparilla at this season to prevent that rundown and debilitated condition which invites disease. The money invested in half a dozen bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla will come back with large returns in the health and vigor of body and strength of nerves.

Hood's Pills are easy to buy, easy to take, easy to operate. Cure all liver ills. 25c.

The Exceptions.

Mrs. White—And do you mean to say that you and your husband always agree about everything?

Mrs. Black—Always—except, of course, now and then, when he's out of humor or pigheaded, or something of that sort.—London Answers.

TASSO MAN'S HAT.

REMARKABLE COMBINATION OF BONES AND FEATHERS.

The King, However, Wears a Common Plug Hat—Some Queer Customs

The Sokong of Imperri land, in West Africa, on state occasion crowns himself with a plain "plug" hat which is somewhat the worse for wear. At the same time he wears a turban and a garment resembling a night gown.

A different and more elaborate costume, however, is worn by the "Tasso men." The hat of a Tasso man is about three feet in height and of great weight. It can only be carried by one who has had long practice, and is only worn on solemn occasions.

A foundation of plaited cane rests on the head. Above this is an arrangement of human skulls and thigh bones. The whole

THE TASSO MAN.
(A Freemason of Imperri, Africa, in Full Regalia.)

is surmounted by a huge crest of feathers, taken from many kinds of birds. The feathers measure about three feet across.

The dress of the Tasso man is a network from which hang various skins of animals. Bunches of fibre hanging from the waist form a skirt. Attached to the knees are iron clamps, from which hang rings that jingle as the wearer walks.

The Tassos are the heads of the Poro or order of native Freemasons. Each big chief of a town is the Tasso man. The Imperri statesman who established the Poro no doubt had in mind the "parochial" functions exercised by Mr. Lumble.

If a Tasso dies in a town he must not be buried there, but in the sacred bush. No woman may look upon a dead Tasso, and when one dies in a town the Poro law requires every woman to go into her house, or, occasionally, if a woman's curiosity is greater than the terrors of the Poro law, and she witnesses some of the ceremonies of a Tasso's burial. If she is not killed on the spot she is entitled afterwards to become a Poro woman.

CLEVER RIDING BY CAVALRYMEN.

Fine Training Shown in the Sixth Regiment Drill.

A hundred or more persons went over to Fort Meyer yesterday afternoon to witness the first exhibition drill of the season by the two crack troops of the Sixth United States Cavalry, says the Washington Post. The exhibition was given in the large riding hall, where all were out of the biting wind that swept down the parade.

There is probably no other set of officers and men in the army who can give such a display of horsemanship as Troops G and A of the Sixth. The officers of them tends more to show to what a high degree of efficiency men and horses can be trained than to display knowledge of cavalry movements. At the bottom of the whole drill is the one aim of every true cavalryman—to make his men so familiar with the horses that they can do almost anything with or on them. The officers argue that a cavalryman must be able to ride a horse under any and all conditions; know how to fall off without being injured, ride without stirrups or saddle, and also standing in the stirrups, and have full use of the arms for fighting.

While every troop in the army has to undergo what the soldiers call "bull ring" drill, there is none that has so fully developed the idea as these two troops at Fort Myer. This is in a great measure due to the untiring efforts of the officers among them Lieut. Short, who is an acknowledged premier in the saddle—and the esprit du corps of the men, which in G and A exists to a remarkable degree. The men in these troops always try to outdo each other.

Yesterday Troop G was the first to come out, under command of Capt. West, assisted by First Lieutenant Gallagher and Second Lieutenant Cole. The men gave an excellent exhibition of fancy riding. Cossack riding was first given, and in this the men, with stirrups crossed, stood up and rode about the hall in a fearless manner. They rode even better than the cowboys who were with Buffalo Bill's show. To show the training of the horses, they made passages, side movements with ease, and other difficult feats to teach a horse. Other movements given by the troop were loudly applauded.

Troop A, Capt. Kendall, Lieuts. Short and White, closed the drill. After going through similar movements the men gave a very interesting exhibition of hurdle jumping and using horses for hurdles. In the latter some of the horses were a little ill-tempered, but were quickly subdued.

The most noticeable thing of the whole exhibition was the use of horses for breastworks. The horses are taught to lie down, by the use of straps, coming from the right ankle of the foreleg over the saddle, while the left leg is off the ground and hobbled. The soldier pulls on the shoulder straps, shoves against the left shoulder, and down goes the horse. After a time the only thing necessary is to pick up the left front leg and shove it to the shoulder, while some of the more intelligent animals need only a shove. The use of horses as breastworks has long been in vogue on the plains during Indian wars, but the horses had first to be shot. The training of recent years has done away with this necessity.

Since last season the men and horses at Fort Myer have greatly improved and give a much finer exhibition. They do more feats in fancy riding, and a great many more men have developed sufficient skill to accomplish those which only a few did last year.

The Modern Way

Commends itself to the well-informed, to do pleasantly and effectually what was formerly done in the crudest manner and disagreeable as well. To cleanse the system and break up colds, headaches, and fevers without unpleasant after effects, use the delightful liquid laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs. Manufactured by California Fig Syrup Company.

TRULY RURAL.

Mr. Howson Lott (going home on snowshoes from the station)—What I want to know is, why didn't I think of this snowshoe idea eight years ago?—Puck.

Details in the life of a farmer's wife: Get to bed, get up, get breakfast, get dinner, get supper, get to bed, get up.—Atchison Globe.

Everyman who doesn't know anything about farming longs to move on to a farm and get rich while taking life easy.—Atchison Globe.

First Detective—Have you found out anything yet?

Second Detective—I've found a man to whom the victim once sold some suburban property in New Jersey.—Puck.

Farmer Grassneck—Say, look yer! What does these heifers mean by hollering after me "Hay! Hay! Pork Policeman—I guess they mean what they say.—Puck.

Uncle Warback dignited a match on cigarlighter torch—Now dat's what I call economy—furnishes th' best five-cent cigar in th' city an' a leetle lle-lamp few light matches on, so's tew save his wall from th' pesky brimstun scratch-marks.—Judge.

Uncle Josh—I ain't sure whether eddication done me any good or not. Mebbe I'd a done better if I didn't know how to read or write.

Aunt Samantha—How so?

Uncle Josh—Well, I wouldn't a read any "Hints to farmers."—Brooklyn Life.

Sold.

"Is D'Auber a good painter?"

"Yes; as good as gold."

"Do his paintings sell?"

"Yes—those who buy them."—Detroit Free Press.

Just Severity in Dakota.

"Your crime," said the South Dakota judge, "is absolutely in excusable. A man who will not take the trouble to get a divorce deserves no mercy."

And he gave the convicted bigamist the full penalty of the law.—Puck.

The Sunday School.

Jesus the Messiah.

GOLDEN TEXT: This is my beloved Son: hear him.—Luke 9:35.

(Luke 9:18-27. Memory verses 23-26.)

REVISED VERSION.

18. And it came to pass, as he was alone praying, his disciples were with him; and he asked them, saying, Whom say the people that I am?

19. They answering said, John the Baptist; but some say, Elias; and others say, that one of the old prophets is risen again.

20. He said unto them, But whom say ye that I am? Peter answering said, The Christ of God.

21. And he straitly charged them, and commanded them to tell no man that thing:

22. Saying, The Son of man must suffer many things, and be rejected of the elders and chief priests and scribes, and be slain, and be raised the third day.

23. And he said to them all, If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me.

24. For whosoever will save his life for my sake, the same shall save it.

25. For what is a man advantaged, if he gain the whole world, and lose himself, or be cast away?

26. For whosoever shall be ashamed of me and of my words, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed, when he shall come in his own glory, and in his Father's, and of the holy angels.

27. But I tell you of a truth, there be some standing here, which shall not taste of death, till they see the kingdom of God.

Illustrative Applications.

Who do the multitudes say that I am? (v. 18.) Some men say that Jesus was simply a good and a wise man; others refuse to admit even that, but think he was partly deceived and partly a deceiver. Others, again, say that Jesus Christ is the only and the all-sufficient Saviour; that His word is unfailingly true, and that His strength is sufficient for all who trust themselves to Him. A difference of opinion just here indicates men's characters, and affects men's characters. Unless you know the views of a man on this point, you can know little about him; you can do little for him.

But who say ye that I am? (v. 20.) It is of more importance to us what we think about Jesus, than what other men think about him. If everybody else in the world accepts him as a Saviour, and we fail to do so, then, so far as we are concerned, the world might as well have never had a Saviour. Nor is it enough for us to say that He is a Saviour; unless we say—and mean what we say—that he is our saviour, then, so far as we are concerned, He might as well never have been a Saviour. Who say ye that Jesus is? No more vital and important a personal question than that could be put to us by man, or by God.

If any man would come after me (v. 23). Before you consider the cost of following Jesus, the question is, have you any wish to follow Him? If a young man has he wish to be a farmer, or a sailor, or a mechanic, or a merchant, or a physician, or a lawyer, or an artist, what is the use of his worrying himself over the involved cost of such an occupation, or trade, or profession? If you have no desire for learning, why should you dwell on the outlay and endurance demanded for its attainment? If you do not want a friend, it is quite unnecessary for you to count the cost of a true friendship. Why should you follow Jesus, any way? If you are not a lost sinner, you do not need Jesus—nor any one else—as a Saviour. If you can take care of yourself for this world, and the next, without the help of a Divine Friend, why should you wish to follow Jesus?

Let him deny himself. Unless a man will deny himself, to a greater or less extent, he can never be of real use to anybody else—nor to himself. A man can not make a success of living for his own pleasure, on the lower or the higher plane of mere personal enjoyment, without a measure of self-denial. He can never get the good of eating and drinking without some restraint of his appetite—some self-denial. Getting out of bed, or getting into bed, with any sort of regularity calls for self-denial; sometimes it's awful hard. And the more work to be done, the more self-denial there is called for in it. Nothing is true affection which is not unselfish. Devotion and selfishness are contradictions in terms. Whoever would be a follower of another must, to begin with, deny himself. Selfishness might have a place in a leader; in a follower it is out of the question. Unless, therefore, you are ready to turn away from yourself you can not turn toward Jesus. Unless you will deny yourself, you will be disqualified for serving him.

And follow me. When you have decided that you want to follow Jesus, that you will unselfishly and devoutedly be his disciple; when you have found your cross, and have taken it up—then the next thing for you to do is—to follow. And just here is where a great many professed disciples of Jesus fail of being real disciples. They have regularly enlisted, have put on their uniform, and there they stand before the recruiting office, with knapsacks and blankets on their backs, with muskets at "carry," marking time to the martial music—although some of them don't do even that; and there they have stood since their enlistment, never marching a rod. They certainly don't follow Jesus in work for him, in liberal giving to his cause, nor in earnest words in behalf of the truth he loves. What are you doing any way, as a disciple of Jesus? Oh, I am one of his followers? A follower? Then why don't you follow?

Whosoever would save his life shall lose it (v. 24). A man can not walk a tight rope or a narrow stringer across a stream unless he looks at something beyond his path, to keep his eyes on his own footing would be sure to cost him his balance. No soldier would be good for anything in a battle if he thought only of his own safety. Not until we forget ourselves can we appear well, or do well, or gain anything worth having. He who lives to get wealth has no real enjoyment of wealth; only in the use of money is there even temporary pleasure from money. He who makes fame the object of his life always fails of the highest fame; the world gives its best honors to those who have striven for something deserving of honor. If we make our personal salvation the supreme object of our existence, we shall fail of salvation. Unless the thought of Christ, and of those for whom Christ died, causes us to lose thought of self-seeking—even of the seeking of our own soul's welfare—we are not, can not be, the disciple of Christ.

What is a man profited, if he gain the whole world, and lose or forfeit his own self? (v. 25). "His own self," not "his own soul," as the Old Version had it. One's self is a great deal more than one's soul. A man who forfeits his own self makes a wretched bargain, whatever he gets in return. Yet any man who parts with his integrity, with his sense of duty and loyalty and truest honor, in the hope of making a personal gain, forfeits his own self. He is not likely to gain more than the whole world. Yet, if he gets only that, he is a fool for his pains.

Ashamed of me and of my words (v. 26). It requires real courage to be never ashamed of Christ and of his words. There are times and places in which it is easier to be on his side than against him. When all about us are professed Christians, and hold to our view of Christ's truth, we can "go with the crowd" conscientiously. But when we stand alone among polite scoffers, when no one else thinks of bowing the head to ask a blessing over a meal, when irreligious and fashionable visitors are with us at family prayer time, when all our traveling companions take wine freely, when persons whom we love and respect speak slightingly of truths which we count vital to Christ's cause—then it is not so easy to be true to our convictions, and to Him whom we profess to serve. And harder still then all is the duty of not being ashamed of Christ's words where they are in collision with the words of Luther, or of Calvin, or of Wesley—as embodied, perhaps, in our own denominational catechism or articles of faith. It is easier to stand for Christ against his enemies than to stand for his plain words against the teachings of those of his professed followers with whom we are in closest accord except at this point. But fidelity to Christ in these trying times is the fidelity on which he pivots his eternal recognition of us as his real followers and friends.—B. Clay Trumbull in S. S. Times.

THE RETIRED BURGLAR.

A Most Unfortunate Mishap With an Unexpected Ending.

"In a house that I was looking over in a town up the state one night," said the retired burglar, "I came across something that I never struck but that once in all my experience, strange as it may seem; and that was a lot of wedding presents all just as they were arranged for display. When I turned my lamp into the room I wished I had brought a horse and wagon; there was a good deal of it that wouldn't have been of any earthly use to me. But it seemed a pity to leave any of it behind. But if I couldn't carry it all off I could have the fun of picking, and I started to look the things over. They were arranged on tables and chairs and stands all around on three sides of the room; on the side opposite to the side that I had come in at, and on the sides to the right and left; running around those three sides in a sort of irregular order on the side where I was there were a few chairs. I thought I'd start in on the left and work around to the right, and I started from the door and had gone about three steps when it went down through the floor as if seemed to me, but what I had really done was to step down through an open register. I suppose somebody must have dropped something down through it and left the lid open to get it and forgot to put it back.

"There was a wire screen under the register over the pipe opening, to keep things from dropping down the pipe, but it was very fine and didn't stop me at all; I just slid down into the pipe, pushing that along under my feet. When I dropped into the pipe I had been facing to the left; in some way as I slid down I got sort of around so that when I got down as far as I did go I was facing to the front; that is, toward the center of the room. The pipe didn't go straight down, but with a curve. I had thrown up my hands as I went down, and might have gone plumb to the furnace if I hadn't clutched at the edge of the register opening and hung on. A minute before I was going to take my pick of a room; now I couldn't see it.

"I had started across the room carrying my tool bag in one hand and my lamp in the other. The shock when I went down had shaken the bag out of my hand, but I had hold of my lamp, having it hanging on the side now with my fingers clutching through the handle. The falling of the tool bag and the striking of the lamp on the floor and the scraping of the wire gauze down through the tin pipe must have made all together a good deal of noise, and I expected every minute to hear somebody moving about up stairs and coming down to head me out, but nobody appeared, and I set my lamp up straight, and after I'd waited a minute or two more I started to see if I could haul myself out.

"As I lay in the pipe my head was below the level of the floor, and for a time I could raise myself so that the upper half of my head was above the opening, but no higher; there was no room for play, when I got that high I found myself with my elbows close to my body and fairly wedged into the pipe. I couldn't get any higher.

"I let myself down again, and after a while I pulled myself up again, and held on by one hand and held up the lamp and swung it round on the things. Then I let myself down again, and wondered what I was going to do. It wasn't only uncomfortable there in the position I was in, it was dangerous, and might get worse every way. If I let go I didn't know but what I'd slide down against the furnace, and of course I couldn't stand it for an indefinite length of time, and when I'd been in the pipe I should judge about two hours I made up my mind that I wouldn't try to stand it any longer; I'd get to come out some time, and I might just as well come out then as later. I had about half the shoulder of my getting away at all were mighty small, they would be better at night than they would be in the daytime.

"So I made up my mind to kick on the pipe and wake up the house and have the thing settled. So I kicked; once, twice, and then I kicked again; and by snakes! I kicked the register and the pipe down, I was a fool to, and I'd kicked it apart; and the sections I was in sagged down with my weight, and I slid out on the cellar floor. The sagging down of that part of the pipe detached it from the part above, and it fell on the cellar floor alongside of me. That made noise enough to wake everybody up; there couldn't be any doubt about that.

"I went out by the same cellar window that I came in by. It was the first and only such lot of stuff that I ever struck, and I never got a thing out of it; in fact, I added something to it myself—a set of tools and a dark lantern."—New York Sun.

A slight cold, if neglected, often attacks the lungs. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES give sure and immediate relief. Sold only in boxes. Price 25 cts.

LAUGHING GAS.

Dentist—Will you take gas?

Uncle Silk Perkins—No, thankee; I tuk ker'sene ile fer sore throat onct, and I don't want no more o' them lightin' beverages."—To Date.

Tramp (at dentist's door)—I'd like my teeth filled.

Dentist—What with—gold or silver?

Tramp (eagerly)—Oh! just plain bread will do!

Patient—I have three teeth to extract. What are your charges?

Dentist—A dollar

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1896.

Largest and Best Weekly Published, and Largest Circulation!

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor.

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is the strongest and most thoughtful of any in the United States. Its special departments are eminently edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

TERMS—Postage Paid.

Single copy, weekly, one year, $1.00; six months, 60 cents; three months, 30 cents. Write for club terms.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent, postpaid, free, to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends. Address

THE BLADE, TOLEDO, OHIO.

☞ ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 100,000

KAFFIR CORN.

So many subscribers of The Blade have written to ask us where to obtain Kaffir corn—they wishing to plant some for experimental purposes—that we have arranged to furnish it to subscribers, on the terms mentioned in the advertisement on the fifth page of this issue.

There is no money in this offer for us. We do not desire any profit out of it. It is done merely to benefit those of our subscribers who wish to try this new forage plant, which is so highly commended. The Blade's old subscribers know that we are constantly making offers of this kind, for their benefit, which save them more than the cost of subscription. We trust a goodly number of our farmer subscribers will try Kaffir corn, and report their experience with it in The Blade's columns.

OUR BATTLE PICTURES.

Do not fail to read our offer of splendid battle pictures for renewals or new subscriptions to the Weekly Blade. It will be found in the "Publishers' Column," the first thing on the fifth page.

NOTICE particularly that this offer is ONLY to those who send us $1 for a subscription or renewal, after this date.

The pictures are splendid. They are fine enough to ornament the walls of the most magnificent private residence. They are all reproductions of oil paintings, are large in size, and accurate in historic detail. Read the offer carefully, and avail yourself of it.

EXCELLENT SEEDS FREE.

And on page 5 of this issue will be found an offer of garden seeds to the subscribers of the Weekly Blade, of which we believe thousands will be glad to avail themselves. Read it carefully, for you get the best quality of seeds actually free of cost.

REMEMBER—This offer is open only to those who remit $1 for subscription or renewal, after this date.

We publish the offer early, because a great many subscribers renew during February, and will probably be glad to avail themselves of this. The seeds will not spoil by having them on hand until planting time.

The seeds have been grown in Minnesota, and hence the plants will be hardy and strong in any climate. No reader of The Blade in the United States lives in so cold a region that these seeds will not give full satisfaction. Per contra, those living further south, and hence in a warmer climate, will find these seeds most excellent. They will produce more vigorous plants than seeds grown in warmer latitudes. Read the offer carefully. You never had a better opportunity to get first-class seeds. It pays to get the best seeds of the best varieties, for the yield is larger and the product better.

FOR OHIO'S CENTENNIAL.

Both branches of the Ohio legislature have adopted Senator Sullivan's joint resolution providing for the appointment of a commission by the Governor to inquire into the advisability of celebrating the centennial of Ohio's admission into the sisterhood of states, and to suggest in what manner the event shall be commemorated. The commission is to make its report to the next General Assembly.

The action of the legislature is to be commended. The work will be begun in time to make the celebration a success if it is decided to have one, and there is little doubt that sentiment will be strong enough to justify such arrangements as will insure a proper recognition of this important anniversary. It is none too early to set the ball rolling, for if Ohio intends to do anything along this line it will be on a scale of such magnitude that it will require much time.

Governor Bushnell can be relied on to appoint on this commission men who will give this matter careful and liberal consideration. Ohio always leads, and she will lead in this as in everything else.

SHUT THEM OFF.

Let us all hope we have heard the last of the bluff and blusters of alleged prize fighters in this country. These men have become public nuisances, and should be suppressed. They have been driven out of business in this country by state and national enactments, and they seek to inflict themselves upon the public through the columns of the newspapers. They do not deserve the attention they receive, and this legislation should be followed by the refusal of the press to give them the notoriety they seek.

According to the corespondent of the Louisville Courier-Journal, two-thirds of Cuba is now under Republican rule, and there are 350 insurgent prefectos whose administration of the laws is everywhere recognized. He says also that several hundred Spanish soldiers have gone to work on plantations. These facts show that the republic is making headway, and that the revolutionists are not mere bands of armed guerillas, as the Spanish advices insist.

The House committee on territories has reported adversely on the bills for the admission of New Mexico and Arizona. These territories are yet too small in population, and have but little to foreshadow any rapid increase. There are too many states already with a total population less than that of many a second-class city east of the Missouri river. Their number should not be increased.

A high official in the national administration is quoted as saying that the free silver agitation has already cost the government $262,000,000 in bond issues. This is undoubtedly true; and he might have added that at least a hundred millions more will be added to its cost in the same way within the coming year.

Up in Maine they think Mr. Reed will stand a good show on second ballot, but here in Ohio there is a growing feeling that there will be no second ballot.

The Pearl Bryan mystery is being cleared up. Now let there be a speedy trial of the two butchers, and swift and severe punishment.

TEMPERANCE EDUCATION.

New York has taken a forward step in the work of educating the people as to the evils of stimulants and narcotics. The Ainsworth law, recently signed by Governor Morton and now operative, provides that "the nature of alcoholic drinks, and other narcotics and their effects on the human system shall be taught in all schools under state control." The bill was bitterly opposed at every step, but it was passed, after a prolonged debate in both branches of the legislature, during which time every objection was candidly weighed, without a single dissenting vote. It remained in the hands of the governor thirty days, during which time he was plied with all the objections that could possibly be brought against it, and yet he was compelled to say: "All of the objections have been carefully weighed and duly considered, but they do not seem to me to be sufficient to warrant me in disregarding the unanimous expression of opinion by the legislature." Passed without a dissenting voice in either branch of the legislature after an "ample opportunity was given for a full discussion of its provisions," and signed by the governor after as much delay as was possible to give, in order to hear every possible objection, the presumption is certainly strong that the law is a wise one, and that the step thus taken by New York is extremely important.

The bitter fight waged against the bill by the liquor interest and its allies shows its importance. The saloon fears education. It knows that the diffusion of knowledge of the physical evils of drink among the masses of the people will curtail its own field of operations. The liquor men laugh at the efforts of the political prohibitionists, for they know they will result in nothing. But they energetically opposed this bill in every way possible, for they saw clearly that it wil do what the Prohibition party in the political field can not do. It will raise the next generation to a higher plane than that occupied by the present one; it will warn the boys in school of the dangers of indulgence in liquor of any kind, and when they grow to manhood they will not be patrons of the saloons.

The bitterness of the opposition of the liquor interest is shown by the course taken since the bill became a law. The opponents of the measure, being defeated in both branches of the legislature, and before the governor, immediately raised the anarchistic cry, calling upon teachers and school authorities to ignore the law. This is a strong example of the lawlessness of the saloon element. It impudently demands of the teachers of the state of New York that they shall ignore a law, because it will in time strike a deadly blow at their abominable calling. And this, in spite of the fact that the law does not merely permit such teaching, but makes it mandatory, and cuts off any teacher or any school which may fail in this requirement from obtaining any public money.

The demonstration could not be clearer that the liquor men fear and hate this law. If education be not the final remedy for the curse, why should they fear and oppose the law requiring that education? There are many among the friends of temperance who sneer at educational methods, because they require so much time. But all natural processes require time. It takes centuries to grow the giant oak from the acorn. It has taken thousands of years to bring mankind to the present state of civilization, and still a majority of the human race are barbarians. Men can not be made over by enacting a law. They must be civilized out of evil and into good. Education is the only civilizing process; and it is by education that we will finally

Pulverize the Rum Power.

MORE REVENUE NEEDED.

The administration takes the untenable position that there is no need of revenue legislation; that the mongrel Wilson-Gorman tariff bill will supply enough to meet the necessary expenditures. It is said, by Cleveland's friends at Washington, that if the Dingley tariff bill gets through Congress, he will veto it on this ground.

It is difficult to see how he figures out a sufficient revenue. The Democratic tariff law has been in operation for seventeen months. According to the official reports of the Treasury, this is the summing up of the national balance sheet for that period:

Expenditures	$500,166,601
Receipts	427,323,234
Deficiency	$ 72,843,367

This deficiency has been bridged over by using the legal tenders paid in to take gold out of the Treasury, thus compelling the issue of bonds to keep up the gold reserve. In other words, the government has been compelled to use, indirectly, the proceeds of the bonds sold for gold—in other words, to borrow money in order to pay running expenses.

All this in less than three years of Democratic national control! It was different under Republican rule. The revenues of the government never failed to exceed the expenditures for thirty years, from 1865 to 1894. The highest surplus was $145,543,810, in 1892, and the lowest was $2,341,674 in 1893. The excess of revenues over expenditures in 1890 amounted to $85,040,271, and in 1891 to $26,838,541. Then the McKinley bill went into effect. The duty on sugar was removed and the surplus dropped to $9,914,453. Then President Cleveland was elected, the Democratic "low tariff" bill was passed, and a Treasury deficiency has been the rule ever since.

The Wells-Fargo express company, as is well-known, handles nearly all the gold and silver mined in the United States. It reports that, for 1895, in the states and territories west of the Mississippi river, including British Columbia, there was produced of gold $48,667,383, and of silver $35,274,777. The silver production of the West since 1870 increased pretty steadily up to 1891, at which time it had grown to the extent of 200 per cent. It does not seem to have fallen off after February 12, 1873, when the coinage of the silver dollar was ordered to cease. The silver product increased enormously for the next ten years. The production of gold is steadily on the increase.

The new Manitoba legislature has convened, and Lieutenant Governor Patterson, in his speech at the opening, gave no sign of weakening on the school question. This is significant, in the face of the bill just prepared by the Dominion government to restore the old subsidies to parochial schools in Manitoba. It makes it clear that the Dominion government will have to use force to compel Manitoba to adopt this course, or else pay the subsidies from the Dominion treasury, for the Manitoba government will not do it unless compelled by brute force.

The National Farmers' Alliance, which has been in session at Washington, eliminated from its platform the famous subtreasury plan, and the demand for an increase of the circulating medium to $50 per capita. These were for a long time the favorite hobbies of the Alliance orators. The hard common sense of the farmers has shown them the impractical nature of these visionary schemes, and they have formally abandoned them. Their only advocates now are the more ignorant among the Populists.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY'S DUTY.

This year's Presidential and Congressional campaign will necessarily be fought on two issues—tariff and currency. The position of the Republican party on the former is clearly understood by every voter. But on the second issue, the Republican national convention owes it to the country to make a clean-cut, emphatic declaration, which shall be impossible of double construction.

The Republican party, in the past, has won its victories by plain speaking. Every voter knew exactly where it stood on any of the great issues of the past. It has never bowed to popular fallacies, no matter how glittering their promise. A striking example of this is its position regarding our economic system. The Republican national platform of 1860 contained this plank:

Resolved, That, while providing revenue for the support of the general government by duties on imports, sound policy requires such an adjustment of these imports as to encourage the development of the industrial interests of the whole country; and we commend that policy of national exchanges which secures to the workingmen liberal wages, to agriculture remunerative prices, to mechanics and manufacturers an adequate reward for their skill, labor and enterprise, and to the nation commercial prosperity and independence.

That position is the correct one, and the Republican party has adhered to it steadily. There have been a few weak-kneed men in the party ranks, who have favored some yielding to the clamor of a deceived people for "low tariff" and "cheap imports," but they have never been able to swerve the party faith. The Democracy took up the low tariff fallacy, and preached its glittering theories so well that it won national power in all branches of the government in 1892. The Democrats passed a low tariff bill. The people have found by bitter experience the fallacious nature of the doctrine, and are eager to return to proper protection and sufficient revenue.

The Republican party is stronger today, on the protection issue, than it has been since 1880. Time has vindicated the correctness of its position.

The same policy must be adopted on the money question. It is cowardly to attempt evasion, by the adoption of a plank favoring "bimetallism." That word—bimetallism—is an evasion, because it is interpreted differently by different people. The free silver men call themselves bimetallists, but they interpret bimetallism to mean the free coinage of the white metal at 16 to 1. They are really silver monometallists.

The Republican party, if it desires the confidence and support of the nation, must express itself squarely on this question. It must declare against any step which will alter the present standard of values. If it declare for the use of both metals as money of final redemption, it must define its method of reaching that end, and condemn the free coinage of silver at 16 to 1.

In brief, there are but three possible modes of action on the silver question—unless an international agreement to rehabilitate silver can be had, and there is no present prospect of that. They are:

First—To leave things as they are, maintain the present standard, and cease the effort to make a money metal of silver.

Second—To put a dollar's worth of silver in a silver dollar, and allow the coins to be represented in our circulation by silver certificates.

Third—To adopt the silver standard, and drop to the level of Mexico and other second-rate countries in our financial system.

There is no other possible way open for the United States, acting independently of other nations, than one of these three. The proposition of the silver men to open our mints to the free coinage of silver at 16 to 1 means the third proposition named above.

AMBASSADOR UHL.

As was expected, the President appointed Mr. Edward F. Uhl, first assistant secretary of state, to succeed the late Ambassador Runyon in the German mission. Mr. Uhl is a Michigan lawyer of no particular distinction. He was a hard-working, average attorney of Democratic proclivities, but he had a powerful friend at court in the person of Don M. Dickinson.

In the Presidential contest of 1892 he was a large contributor to the Cleveland campaign fund, and canvassed Michigan for the Democracy. This service, backed by the friendship of Mr. Dickinson, was rewarded by the appointment as first assistant secretary of state. In that position he has done faithful work, though not remarkable in any way. In point of fact the only time his name came before the public in connection with his official duties was during Secretary Gresham's illness, when he was credited with the sending of a strong dispatch to Spain demanding reparation for the firing on the Allianca.

This appointment to a high diplomatic position shows that he has found favor in Cleveland's eyes, and perhaps also that Don M. Dickinson still has a powerful influence over the occupant of the White House. The new appointee may make a safe ambassador, but he is not likely to prove a brilliant one. The Berlin mission is one of the most important in the whole diplomatic service, and it has been held by many men of large reputation and abilities. The appointment of an under secretary to such a high place is a departure from the old practice, and the result will be watched with interest.

The Senate committee on Foreign Affairs has very much improved the Cuban resolution. As originally presented, it requested the President to ask Spain to grant belligerency or independence to the insurgents. The substitute declares that a state of war exists between Spain and "the government proclaimed and maintained for some time by force of arms by the people of Cuba," and that the United States "should maintain strict neutrality between the contending powers and accord to each all the rights of belligerents in the ports and territory of the United States." This substitute is a declaration of the belligerent rights of the Cubans, without asking Spain anything about it, and hence is decidedly better.

The courts, especially those with appellate powers, are largely to blame for the increase in lynching. If the higher courts, on appeal, would refuse to set aside verdicts against criminals for any cause other than one involving the question of guilt or innocence, there would be a vast improvement. Another step in advance would be to have juries composed of intelligent men, instead of stolid ignoramuses—and men who have no mawkish sentiment as to letting a red-handed scoundrel have his just deserts.

Minister Willis refused to take part in the celebration of Hawaiian independence because his government did not approve of the manner in which the monarchy was overthrown. That man would refuse to go to a wedding because he did not approve of Eve's eating that apple, and thus getting her husband into trouble.

Senator Quay has announced himself as a candidate for President. Mr. Quay probably does not believe he can be nominated, but simply wants the Pennsylvania delegation in his pocket, and has taken this means of securing such a result.

AGRICULTURAL EXPORTS.

The fact that the imports of agricultural products have increased, while their export has decreased, since the repeal of the McKinley law, has been the subject of a good deal of comment among the members of Congress at both ends of the Capitol, and copies of the tables showing in detail the workings of the McKinley law as compared with those of the Wilson law have been eagerly sought by members.

It may be of interest to the farmers of the Union to look over the records of the McKinley law. The statistics under the Wilson law show an enormous increase in the importation of agricultural productions since the repeal of the McKinley law, and an equal disadvantage in the matter of exports, which fell off as largely. That the agricultural exports under the McKinley law were constantly greater than in any other years in the history of the country, is shown by the following table which gives the agricultural exports during the past decade.

This table, it will be observed, covers a part of the tariff law of 1883, all of the McKinley period, and the Wilson tariff period up to the present. The McKinley law went into effect October 1, 1890, so that the tariff of 1883 covered three-fourths of that year; and the year 1890 is therefore spoken of in the table as belonging to tariff period of 1883. The Wilson law went into effect August 28, 1894, and for a similar reason the year 1894 is thus properly classified as belonging to the McKinley tariff period, since two-thirds of that year was actually within the scope of its operations.

The following table will show to the thirty millions of people in the United States dependent upon agriculture the sort of tariff which is advantageous to them in what Mr. Cleveland calls "opening the doors of the markets of the world:"

EXPORTS OF AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS UNDER THREE TARIFFS:

1886 (tariff of 1883)	$522,080,986
1887 (tariff of 1883)	524,580,044
1888 (tariff of 1883)	491,381,608
1889 (tariff of 1883)	539,524,256
1890 (tariff of 1883 to Oct. 1)	628,779,597
1891 (McKinley tariff)	730,969,702
1892 (McKinley tariff)	712,539,832
1893 (McKinley tariff)	619,135,693
1894 (McKinley tariff to Aug. 28)	573,684,383
1895 (Wilson tariff)	545,714,375

THE HOUSE AND SILVER.

The House of Representatives has defeated the Senate's free silver substitute for the Dingley tariff bill. The defeat is an emphatic one, because of the phenomenal size of the majority against this measure, which betrays, as clearly as it is possible to do, the waning of another financial fallacy.

The bill was defeated by a vote of 215 nays to 90 yeas. The party vote was 184 Republicans and 31 Democrats against the substitute, and 58 Democrats, 25 Republicans and 7 Populists in its favor. The vote was a remarkably full one: for, counting the pairs, all but 37 out of the entire 356 members were placed on record.

This vote clearly shows that "free silver at 16 to 1" is following the greenback idea into the limbo of unsound financial theories. The Representatives were chosen a little over a year ago, and the House thus represents the latest expression of the people's will upon this subject. Free silver has fewer votes in the House than it has had for the past six years. After the "campaign of education" which was made last year, it is certain to any observing man that a vote now would show a much smaller support than at the time of the last Congressional election.

The vote in the Senate on the same measure showed the same state of things. In 1890 a silver free coinage bill was passed by the Senate by a clear majority of 19 votes. This free silver substitute for the Dingley tariff bill was carried by a majority of but seven votes; but five of these seven were given by Senators from new states not admitted in 1890—Utah, Wyoming and Idaho.

The free silver propaganda has cost the people of the United States millions of dollars in the stagnation and consequent low prices which has been the result of the loss of confidence in the stability of our money standard, besides the $252,000,000 of bonds issued under Cleveland's administration. It is a good thing for the people that the fallacy is dying out. The next thing to do is to elect a Congress next fall that will deal honestly and courageously with national finances, and find means to take the government out of the banking business.

BUSINESS AND FINANCE.

While there is an undertone of confidence in the trade situation, the conditions of actual business are not satisfactory. Business is dull, money somewhat close, and collections slow, in the general mercantile and manufacturing world. A recovery is coming, but it has not yet arrived. The reasons generally assigned for the present unsatisfactory status are the weather, the depression in the agricultural districts, the small volume of clearings—indicative of dull trade—and an increase in failures, though some of these should be classed as results rather than causes. The showing of popular confidence in the maintenance of the present standard of values, shown by the tremendous over-subscription to the bonds, has as yet failed to influence the money market as strongly as was expected. The estimate now is that the loan will net the Treasury $80,000,000, the remainder representing gold drawn therefrom by the presentation of greenbacks, and then used to pay for bonds.

The money market in New York is becoming easier. Call loans closed Saturday at 3 per cent. Time money softened somewhat during the week, and as a result more business was done. Offerings of loans at 5½ per cent. for short or long time were made, while the quotations were maintained at 5½ per cent. for thirty to sixty days, and 6 per cent. for longer dates. The endeavor of lenders to get their money fixed at present quotations is likely to have a further influence toward making concessions profitable to the borrower. Rates 5@5½ per cent. for thirty to sixty days, 5½@6 for ninety days to six months.

The exports of gold for the week were $518,000, all United States coin, $500,000 of which went to Buenos Ayres, the rest to Venezuela and San Domingo. The imports were $1,487,721, of which $1,106,800 was bullion, nearly all from England, $247,500 United States coin, chiefly from England, and $133,000 foreign coin in transit from West Indies. There has been a sudden cessation of the demand for gold in London, which probably means that the Morgan syndicate has been able to get the requisite gold in New York city, possibly from the supplies accumulated by unsuccessful bidders.

The stock market movement last week was almost wholly professional, the speculators in New York and London buying and selling alternately, and playing against one another. Conjecture over the probable result of the new loan on the Treasury gold reserve, and the better diplomatic outlook, in turn served as a basis for market operations. The railway bond market showed a continuance of the investment movement, and advances were numerous.

"All is quiet in Armenia." So it is in any other graveyard.

COMMENT OF THE WEEK.

In a message to Congress the President states that Ambassador Eustis has been directed to ask for the release of John L. Waller, ex-consul to Madagascar, who is now serving a 20-year sentence in a French prison. The President says the United States will make no demand upon the French government but that Waller will be permitted to begin action in the French courts if he so elects. The story of the Waller case is substantially as follows:

The French, who claimed a protectorate over Madagascar, were at war with the Hovas, the ruling tribe. Waller, who claimed to have secured a valuable concession from the Hovas, was arrested by the French as a spy, and tried, convicted and sentenced to 20 years' imprisonment by a military court. He admitted the authorship of certain letters to his wife, which contained matter which would have been of great value to the Hovas had they become possessed of it. The letters were intercepted by the French, and Waller arrested. Later he was conveyed to France and his family, which was left in destitute circumstances, assisted to reach the United States. The state department expended some $1,500 for this purpose.

Kansas politicians made strong representations to the state department, but the case dragged. The information sent to Congress by the President and Secretary Olney shows that there was no doubt of Waller's guilt and that his punishment, severe as it was, was merited; that Waller, while consul, was guilty of the maladministration of the estate of a deceased American, and had a judgment of $1,900 rendered against him by a consular court. Consul Wetter, his successor, suggested the advisability of proceeding against him criminally, and intimated that the funds embezzled by Waller may have been sent for bribes to secure the concession, the validity of which was denied by the French. As its value was contingent upon the success of the Hova revolt, it is presumed that Waller sought to aid the natives. The French have promised to release Waller and he can consider himself fortunate that he does not have to spend the next 19 years in prison.

By a vote of 90 to 215 the House has refused to concur in the Senate silver amendment to the Dingley bond bill. This result was not unexpected. It had been a foregone conclusion that the substitute would be defeated but the silver forces expected to muster at least 100 votes. For over a week the statesmen in the lower house have been turning out copy of the Congressional Record at a terrific rate. The bond bill now goes to conference, where it will probably die.

It now looks as if the Senate would not consider the tariff-silver bill for some little time to come. Mr. Quay, at the time when the silver substitute was presented, gave notice of a motion to recommit the measure. This, he later found he could not do. Thursday an effort was made to bring the measure up for consideration but this was prevented by a vote of 21 to 29, the Democrats, Populists and four Republicans voting in the negative. When the appropriation bills are out of the way another effort will be made to bring up the tariff bill. The Republicans think the silver substitute will be beaten by some 15 votes and that the bill raising the tariff some 15 per cent can be passed with the help of a few Populist votes.

Some of the patriotic bullion brokers of New York who have contracts to supply bond purchasers with the necessary yellow metal, are repeating their old tactics of drawing gold out of the treasury, carting it around the block and then bringing it back. Of course the government makes a sale of its bonds, but instead of receiving gold has only greenbacks to show for them. This sort of business savors of underhand dealing and defeats the very purpose for which the bonds were issued—that of building up the gold reserve.

Pennsylvania has two candidates for the Presidential nomination. The Democratic state central committee met at Harrisburg and after setting the date for the state convention proceeded to eulogize ex-Governor Robert E. Pattison and trot him out for President. Then Senator Quay, on the Republican side, announced that he had "consented" to have his name presented at St. Louis.

There seems to be a desperate effort on the part of friends of W. C. Whitney, the New York millionaire, to bring him into the field. Little has been heard of the movements of his friends until very recently, when the leading Democratic politicians of Mississippi issued a "call" for him to become a candidate. He is a "sound money" man and already some of the silver partisans in the state are repudiating this cry.

State circles in Bulgaria are sorely disturbed. Prince Ferdinand recently had his eldest son, the crown prince, baptized into the Greek Catholic church and his wife, who is a Roman Catholic, immediately applied to the pope for an annulment of her marriage, but to no effect, the pope advising her to make the most of a bad situation. The conversion of the crown prince to the orthodox church is taken to mean that Russia's efforts to secure practical control of the affairs of Bulgaria have been crowned with success and the country is now simply a Russian dependency.

Prince Alexander, it will be remembered, was deposed and driven from the country. Since then Turkey, which claims suzerainty over the principality, has, with other powers, Russia in particular, refused to recognize Prince Ferdinand, who was elected prince. Recently the sultan has invited the powers to recognize Ferdinand. This indicates two things; that Russia has obtained certain promises from Ferdinand and also that the czar's requests are law with the sultan, for it is unlikely Abdul Hamid would have recognized Ferdinand had not Russia requested him to do so.

Dr. Nansen is reported to be on his way home, but whether he has discovered the North Pole or not is a question. The report of his reutrn comes from Northern Siberia, and is said to have come from natives of islands lying north of the old world. Dr. Nansen sailed in a specially constructed vessel and a large portion of the expenses of his expedition was born by Norway and Sweden. He sailed north in June, 1893, and followed the course of the ill-fated Jeannette, which, after spending the winters in the North, was crushed in the ice. No such accident was feared by Dr. Nansen, for his vessel was constructed for the purpose of avoiding this very danger.

The Arctic weather for the past two or three seasons has been quite favorable to excursions to the pole and navigators and scientists familiar with the situation believe that the doctor has drifted to the pole or has reached land and made his way over the country to the coveted goal.

The opening of the British Parliament was of interest this year, for the Liberals made attacks upon the Armenian, Transvaal and Venezuelan policies of the government. The government was denounced by Lord Rosebery and Sir William Vernon Harcourt, the Liberal leader in the House of Commons, for abandoning the Armenians to the Turks, and some comments were made on the Transvaal raid. As to Venezuela, the Liberals criticised Salisbury for refusing to arbitrate the matter. Diplomacy has toyed with the boundary dispute for 50 years and had made a bad mess of it.

Lord Salisbury and Arthur J. Balfour, the Tory leader in the House, both declared that England proposed to render the United States Venezuelan commission all the assistance possible and that all information possessed by the government would be placed at its disposal. All the speakers eulogized the Monroe doctrine, and Mr. Balfour went so far as to declare that it was of British origin. It is through the application of a similar doctrine that the integrity of the Turkish empire and the independence of the small states of Europe had been preserved; that it was vital to the welfare of the United States that she should insist upon it.

All the speakers agreed that the dispute was much nearer a settlement than it was before the United States took a hand in the matter. Everywhere there seemed to be the most kindly feeling toward America, and now that the British have been convinced that the President's message was not intended as an election dodge, but expressed the sentiment of the American nation, there has been a great scramble to get in line. Lord Salisbury is now being censured for not making public England's evidence at the time he sent his dispatch to Secretary Olney. This matter will be prepared at an early date and advance proofs sent to the Venezuelan commission.

It is reported that Venezuela will present her case to the commission, and there is a report that through the good offices of the United States diplomatic relations, which were terminated ten years ago, will be resumed between England and Venezuela. Instead of being warlike, the situation appears decidedly peaceful.

UNDER THE DOME.

The impression has remained in Washington for many years that professional teachers make poor Congressmen, if thrown by fate into the arena of politics. The theory was, that having been used to dealing with inferior minds, they were very apt to underrate other men's abilities when they entered the political arena. These notions, however, are not borne out by the facts, so far as the national legislature is concerned. If they can be taken as a criterion, it cannot even be said that schoolmasters are poor politicians, for there is a goodly sprinkling in the present House and many of them have been in several previous Congresses.

Taking the House of Representatives as a gauge it cannot even be said that the ex-wielders of the rod make poor statesmen, for they number among the leading men of the House when questions of national import are under consideration. It cannot be seen, either, that any of these men are lacking in that practical knowledge of the world which is supposed to be gained only by business and professional pursuits.

It may be remarked that the Congressional ex-schoolmasters brought some of their methods into public life with them and there is no question that these "kindergarten lessons," as some of the members style them, have had the effect of enlightening more than one Congressman who had been groping in the dark upon some public question and not knowing which way to cast his vote.

Representative Johnson's clever manner of showing up the fallacy of the silver men by means of charts and diagrams, was appreciated by nearly the whole House and not a speech delivered this session was listened to more attentively. Mr. Johnson had been a teacher in his earlier days and he talked as he would to a class of boys, without any attempt at oratorical effect, but stating his propositions in a plain, business-like manner. While it is not likely that the speech has made a gold bug out of Shafroth, of Colorado, or Hartman, of Montana, it has, doubtless, had a wholesome effect upon those members who are a little inclined toward free silver, and has also strengthened the opinion of those who have always believed in sound money.

Mr. Powers, of Vermont, is probably the best known of the Congressional school teachers. He is looked upon as one of the profoundest lawyers in that body, and his opinions upon any question of constitutional law always command consideration. It is said that he was a most successful teacher and he does not disdain to employ the same tactics in Congress that he found stood him in good stead in the class room. He is chairman of the committee on Pacific railroads, a position requiring both legal knowledge and diplomacy. He has a large map in the committee room, and whenever he discusses the subject he illustrates the government's connection with the lines, which are subsidized, and which are not, by means of red and black lines. Judge Powers has very much the appearance of a college professor, and when he stands, pointer in hand, and explains some knotty problem growing out of the government's connection with the railroads, he looks the typical New England teacher.

Another is Representative McCleary, of Minnesota. While he has never attempted to make himself conspicuous upon the floor, he has gradually acquired the reputation among his colleagues of being a man well posted upon questions of finance. Mr. Reed recognized the professor's ability in this direction and placed him upon the committee on banking and currency, where he would have an opportunity to make use of his knowledge.

Representative Eddy was once a school teacher, and even now, in his manner of explaining a subject, reminds one of a teacher talking to his class. There are numbers of other men of ability in the House who taught school, among them Judge Maguire, of San Francisco, who is widely known on account of his single tax theories. It is noticeable that nearly all the members of this House who were formerly school teachers, speak very plainly and distinctly, usually talking slowly in order that they may be fully understood as they go along, a habit probably acquired in the class room.

A Western member of the House has got himself into trouble with his constituents by being a little too funny. He received the following letter from one of them:

"Dear Judge: Tim Dooley says that government gives away fish to those who apply. I don't know if this is so or not; but if so I wish you would send me some. The only kind we get here are in half-pound packages, called boneless cod. And they are no account, and then they make you thirsty. If they give away any fishhooks I wish you would send me some, for the major, Ransom Brown, Judge Kaufman and I have planned to go fishing as soon as the weather opens up. You know they all worked well for you last time."

For the sake of the joke, the Congressman dropped into a sporting goods store and bought a tin box of hooks for $1.50, sent it to his friend saying that he was very glad that he had some fishhooks still left from his quota, though there had been a great demand for them and the horse took. The supply of fish had run out, and the President had been so occupied with bond and had Congress on his hands so long that the supply was exhausted. He also expressed his regrets that the ducks have been wild or he could maybe have got some, but last trip Grover only got thirteen, and he needed most of those himself. The effect of this letter is thus told by the member himself:

"The result was fourteen requests for fishhooks within a week, and they are still coming. It is no use saying that Uncle Sam does not handle fish hooks, as here are the hooks and there is my letter, and if I don't send them every last man that I refuse will sharpen a knife for me next campaign, and if I do I will go broke. Don't fool with the granger."

Tom Coakley, the well known Tammanyite, and one of the minority House special messengers, recently noticed a tall, bald-headed, but at the same time young looking man, in earnest conversation with a Pennsylvania member.

"Who is that?" said Tom.

The gentleman was ex-Mayor Stuart of Philadelphia, a well known Republican, but Tom's friend informed him that the stranger was ex-Gov. Pattison, the famous Democratic leader, and who is often suggested as a Presidential possibility. At once the report spread that the ex-governor was on the House side of the Capitol.

"How are you, governor?" said a short, stout Democrat, who looked suspiciously like Mr. Coakley, a few minutes later, as he shook Stuart's hand, slapping him on the back, and endeavoring to draw him to one side for a confidential chat.

Just at that junction Speaker Reed came along, and as he and Stuart are good friends, they shook hands.

"You need more detectives and fewer doorkeepers in these lobbies, Mr. Speaker," said Mr. Stuart.

"Why?" asked Mr. Reed.

"Because they are alive with bunco men," was the reply of the suspicious Quaker.

The House committee on immigration has received among thousands of other petitions and memorials, a bill prepared by the Massachusetts Immigration League, which includes a section providing an educational test. A gentleman writing from Waltham, Mass., favors this bill and especially the educational test feature. In the course of this communication the writer says: "It is outragus the ignerent furiners what is overrunin this cuntry. I wuz lost in Boston all wun night by ignerent pollicemen not nowin directions were me married neeoe live."

WARLIKE PARAGRAPHS.

The "five nations of Europe" own 2,310 war ships, mounting 88,209 guns, all ready for "immediate service."

The most expensive army of the world is that of Germany, which costs from $86,000,000 to $105,000,000 per year.

During the war the Union troops captured 476,169 Confederates and the Confederates captured 212,608 Unionists.

France boasts of a navy of 408 ships of 200,000 tons and 621,000 horse power, and 80 others in process of construction.

Since Napoleon "died like a caged lion in his exile home" 6,000,000 Frenchmen have perished in the wars of that country.

The new German rifle ranges up to 4,000 yards, and at 900 yards the bullet will pierce ten inches of solid pine timber.

During the civil war the Union Ordnance Department served out 7,892 cannon, 4,022,000 rifles and 12,207 tons of powder.

Since the Mannlicher gun came into use the ratio is four killed to one wounded—just the opposite to what it formerly was.

The German war fleet is made up of but 86 vessels, but is the most modern, and, on that account, probably the best in Europe.

Britain brags that the guns now used by her army will send a bullet through four ranks of men at a distance of 450 yards.

The Forum gives figures to prove that the vaunted "armed peace" of Europe costs the people more than $1,000,000,000 per year.

It is estimated that over 4,000,000,000 human beings have perished in the wars of the world since the opening of the Christian era.

At the battle of Austerlitz 170,000 men were engaged. At Waterloo 145,000 men fought of that number 50,000 were killed or wounded.

The great gun factory at Washington—one of the largest in the world, employing 1,500 men—turns out guns valued at $50,000 apiece.

In 1887 General Sherman predicted that "the most terrible war ever known will take place in this country before the end of the century."

During the memorable siege of Sebastopol the batteries of the allied armies threw upwards of 40,000 tons of shot and shell into the city.

THE WORLD'S RIVERS.

Geographical Facts and Points Not Generally Found in Geographies.

The Tigris is 1,150 miles long.

The Tiber is only 220 miles long.

The Zambezi, in South Africa, is 1,800 miles in length.

Show rivers flow at the rate of three to seven miles an hour.

Twelve creeks in the United States bear the name of the Rhine.

Every ancient city of note was located on or near the sea or a river.

The Ganges is 1,570 miles long and drains an area of 750,000 square miles.

The Hudson river, from its mouth to the lakes, is 400 miles in length.

The Mississippi and its tributaries drain an area of 2,000,000 square miles.

The branches of the Mississippi have an aggregate length of 15,000 miles.

For over 1,200 miles the Nile does not receive a single tributary stream.

The River Jordan has its origin in one of the largest springs in the world.

In Islands of too small size to have rivers, creeks are dignified by that name.

The Connecticut, the principal stream of New England, is 450 miles in length.

During a single flood of the Yang-tse-Kiang in China, 600,000 persons were drowned.

The most extensive protective river works in Europe are at the mouth of the Danube.

The Rhine is only 120 miles long but drains a territory nearly double the area of Texas.

The Irtish, in Siberia, is 2,200 miles in length and drains 900,000 miles of territory.

The Nile, from its delta to the great lakes of Central Africa, is over 4,000 miles in length.

The Thames, of England, is 220 miles long. The river of the same name in Canada is 160.

There are 20 creeks in this country which have been christened with the name of Tiber.

The Columbia river, of Canada, is 1,400 miles in length, the stream of the same name in Oregon is 60.

The Arkansas river is 2,170 miles long, but at various points in its course is very thin for its length.

The Potomac river is only 500 miles long and in its lower course is rather an estuary than a stream.

The British Islands are better provided with rivers than any other country of the same size on the globe.

The Mississippi, at the point where it flows out of Lake Itaska, is 19 feet wide and 18 inches deep.

MAN'S FRIENDS AND FOES.

Eight big bears were killed recently during one hunt by a party of sportsmen on the Union River, near Machias, Me.

A rattlesnake seventy-nine inches long and having twenty-one rattles was killed near Jefferson, Ga., recently.

An arctic owl, measuring a little more than three feet from tip to tip of its wings, was shot on one of the islands in the harbor of Portland, Me., a few days ago.

Telegraph communication with Milford, N. Y., was cut off four hours the other day by a lame bear, which, after climbing a telegraph pole, tore down the wire.

James J. Brown, of Williamsburg, owns a parrot, which, until a short time ago, swore continually. It now chants masses in Latin that it learned from a clergyman in a nearby church.

A red rabbit was caught near Eastman, Ga., a few days ago. It is alive and on exhibition in that place, and the farmers living there about say it is the first of the kind they ever saw.

While digging in the side of a bank in Belfast, Me., the other day workmen found a snake's nest containing thirty-nine snakes, located at a point below the surface which frost would be unlikely to reach.

Rabbits which are now infesting Queensland have learned to climb by their teeth, devou

Publishers' Column.

FAMOUS BATTLE PICTURES.

Owing to a popular demand from our subscribers, and especially from members of the G. A. R., we have arranged with a large publisher for a quantity of pictures of the most celebrated battles of the civil war. These pictures are of a high grade, chromo colors, large size (22x28), reproduced from the original oil paintings with wonderful accuracy. More than 100,000 have been sold during the past year at one dollar each, and our price to any person who orders a picture alone will be one dollar. But we did not get these pictures for sale or for profit. We propose to give one picture free, postpaid by mail, to every person sending us $1 for the Weekly Blade one year. If your time expires soon, you can obtain a picture when you renew. If your time expires some time hence, and you want a picture now, send a dollar, and let us extend your time a year ahead from date of expiration. Or, get us a new subscriber and we will enter the new name for Blade one year, and send the picture to the remitter, if so directed. However, we are confident those who obtain one picture, will want several more, or perhaps all of them. You can obtain them one at a time by sending us new dollar subscribers. Try one of them when you renew.

NOTICE, however, that the above offer is only to those who send us $1 for subscription or renewal after this date.

Here is the list; make your selection from it:

Battle of Gettysburg, Pa.
Battle of Shiloh, Tenn.
Battle of Five Forks, Va.
Battle of Missionary Ridge, Tenn.
Battle of The Wilderness, Va.
Battle of Fort Donelson, Tenn.
Battle of Champion Hill, Miss.
Battle of Antietam, Md.
Battle of Atlanta, Ga.
Battle of Spottsylvania, Va.
Battle of Vicksburg, Miss.
Battle of Chattanooga, Tenn.
Battle of Cold Harbor, Va.
Battle of Resaca, Ga.
Battle of Lookout Mountain, Tenn.
Battle of Olustee, Fla.
Battle of Fredericksburg, Va.
Battle of Bunker Hill.
Battle of Tippecanoe.
Battle between the Monitor and the Merrimac.
Battle of Pea Ridge, Ark.
Battle of Bull's Run, Va.
Battle of Chancellorsville, Va.
Battle of Big Horn (Custer's Last Charge.)
Battle of Chickamauga, Ga.
Shooting of Fort Wagner, S. C.
Capture of Fort Fisher, N. C.
Battle of New Orleans, La.
Battle of Cedar Creek, Va.
Capture and Death of Sitting Bull.
Battle of Kenesaw Mountain, Ga.
Battle of Stone River, Tenn.
Assault on Fort Sanders, Tenn.
Battle of Franklin, Tenn.
Battle of Nashville, Tenn.
Battle of Corinth, Miss.
Perry's Victory on Lake Erie.
Fort Pillow Massacre, Tenn
Battle of Wilson's Creek, Mo.
Battle of Williamsburg, Va.
Fall of Petersburg, Va.
Battle of Opequan or Winchester, Va.

We also add a half dozen celebrated foreign battle pictures:

Battle of Waterloo.
Battle of Gravelotte.
Battle of Mars-La-Tour.
Die Hermann's Schlacht.
Battle near Orleans.
Battle of Fontenoy.

Order by name of battle. Give plainly postoffice address for picture as well as The Blade. Address THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

Five Volumes, Paper Cover, Containing Over 2,200 Pages.

We offer this cheap edition of the most renowned of all historical works at a price that should place a set in the hands of every Blade reader. We will send a set, postpaid by mail, to every person who will remit us one dollar for the Weekly Blade one year, and asks for this work as a premium; or we will mail the five volumes without The Blade, on receipt of 80 cents. Address THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

CHAMBERS'S CYCLOPAEDIA

And The Weekly Blade One Year for Three Dollars.

The original edition of this sold at $30 per set. A reprint of the Edinburgh and London edition, with additions upon topics of special interest to American readers, and giving American statistics of population down to and including the census of 1890.

This great Encyclopaedia contains thousands upon thousands of articles, embracing all subjects within the limits of human knowledge in its more than 27,000 specially prepared articles, giving pointed, practical, explicit and most interesting and instructive information both for the student and the general reader, free from ambiguous technicalities.

This is a new edition, revised in 1891, reset in clear but fine type. It comprises THIRTY small, compact volumes in paper covers, and the 30 books will weigh about 13 pounds.

READ OUR OFFER!

We will send a full set of this edition of Chambers' Encyclopaedia, comprising 30 volumes, and a copy of the Weekly Blade one year for THREE DOLLARS.

Or, we will send the Encyclopaedia alone for $2.50.

The Encyclopaedia will be sent by mail, postage paid. Address The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

WATERPROOF OVERCOATS.

The goods we offered to the subscribers of The Blade last year met with such favor that we have concluded this year to extend our list of waterproof coats for men and ladies. The prices this year will be somewhat lower than last, and we have added to the list. We offer both single texture and double texture, sewed and seamed. These goods are not pasted together, but SUBSTANTIALLY SEWED.

We prepay express charges, and deliver these goods at your nearest express office. When you order, please give your postoffice and your express office address.

Men's Waterproofs, Double Texture, With Detachable Capes.

No. 500, black diagonal, double stitch seams $5 50
No. 501, tan diagonal, double stitch seams 5 50
No. 502, blue diagonal, double stitch seams 5 50
No. 550, Black Henrietta, double stitch seams 6 00
No. 551, Blue Henrietta, double stitch seams 6 00
No. 552, Tan Covert, double stitch seams 6 00
No. 600, Black All Wool, double stitch seams 7 50
No. 601, Blue All Wool, double stitch seams 7 50

Men's Double-Breasted Box, Velvet Collar, No Cape.

No. 700, Black, All Wool, seams sewed and strapped $8 00
No. 701, Blue, All Wool, seams sewed and strapped 8 00

Regular sizes are 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, breast measure. A 40-inch coat is supposed to fit a man whose breast measure over his under coat is 40 inches. State size you want.

Women's Mackintoshes—Inverness Garments. (Sleeveless.)

No. 800, single texture, fast black, with 27-inch cape, unlined $4 50
No. 801, single texture fast tan, with 27-inch cape, unlined 4 00
No. 802, single texture, fast blue, with 27-inch cape, unlined 4 00
No. 803, double texture, fast black Henrietta, 27-inch cape 6 00
No. 804, double texture, fast blue Henrietta, 27-inch cape 6 00
No. 805, double texture, black Henrietta, double cape detachable 7 00
No. 806, double texture, blue Henrietta, double cape detachable 7 00

Give your bust measure and length down the back from collar seam to bottom of skirt. We shall require some little time for filling these orders, as they have to be forwarded East to the factory, after we get the orders, and in most cases the garments are made to order. Those who order from us should not look for these goods sooner than three weeks after they mail us the order. Address THE BLADE, TOLEDO, OHIO.

NICKEL SILVER TABLE WARE.

It is Better Than Plated Stuff and Saves Much Worry.

We are now enabled to offer to subscribers of The Blade (and to subscribers only, remember,) teaspoons, dessert spoons, tablespoons and forks, made of composition known as nickel silver, which so closely resembles solid silver that an expect might be deceived. It is indestructible, does not tarnish so easily as solid silver from exposure to the air, and it is finished in the same manner as the solid silver goods. The patterns are no thicker than solid silver.

Prices.

They are sent by registered mail, postpaid, at the following prices:

1 dozen teaspoons $1 25
½ dozen teaspoons 85
1 dozen tablespoons or forks 2 35
½ dozen tablespoons or forks 1 55
1 dozen dessert spoons or forks 2 00
½ dozen dessert spoons or forks 1 15
½ dozen table knives 2 25
1 dozen table knives 4 25

These are made in only the one pattern. They are sent by express. There can be no variation from these offers. Only subscribers to The Blade can buy at these prices, but they can buy as much as they like.

SOME HORSE MAXIMS.

Axle grease modifies the grain bill.
Bad-tempered driver—bad-tempered team.
A horse's power is proportioned to his food.
Noisy drivers are like noisy wagons—both empty.
There are more balky drivers than balky horses.
Whips, like emetics, are to be used very seldom.
He who can not govern himself can not govern horses.
Blinders are worth more on the driver than on the horse.
The Golden Rule applies to horses as much as it does to men.
Five cents invested in sugar is better than a dollar invested in whips.

A Credible Witness.

"Prosecutor, will you tell me who was present when the defendant slapped you in the face?"

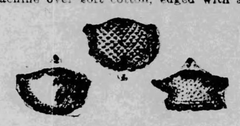
"Myself, parbleu! your Honor."—Charivari.

CUT PAPER PATTERNS

Splendid Offer to Lady Readers of The Blade.

NO. 6649—INFANT'S BIBS.

Fine cambric, pique or linen lawn is usually selected for these dressy and protective bibs, the edges being trimmed with ruffled lace or embroidery. An interlining of cotton batting or soft canton flannel is usually laid between the upper sections and the lining of fine muslin, or a piece of oiled silk or stockinet is basted underneath in front and removed when laundered. Three distinct types are given in this pattern, either of which can be made up plainly or decorated as elaborately as desired. No. 1 is made of fine cambric, quilted by machine over soft cotton, edged with a fine



NO. 6649—INFANT'S BIBS.

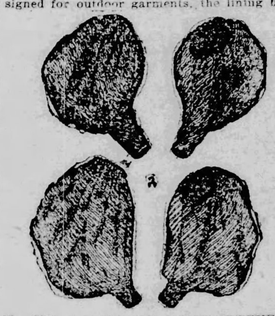
cord and a frill of Valenciennes lace overhanded on. No. 2 is of French pique, finished with scalloped edge in buttonhole stitch, worked with wash silk, from under which falls a finely crimped frill of fine cambric. No. 3 is of very fine linen lawn, embroidered in pin-head dots, the edge being trimmed with a frill of fine embroidery and row of fancy stitching. A set of these bibs makes a dainty present for a new arrival in babyland, and will be highly appreciated by mothers, who never can have too many of these useful accessories to an infant's wardrobe.

Three designs of bibs are included in this patetrn, ⅜ of a yard of 36-inch wide material being required to make either style.

The number of the pattern is 6649 and retails for twenty-five cents.

NO. 6672—LADIES' AND MISSES' SLEEVES.

These latest designs for dress and jacket sleeves show the low drooping fullness in the leg o' mutton or gigot sleeves, and full bishop puff now en vogue. No. 1 of fancy diagonal boucle cloth is specially designed for outdoor garments, the lining be-



No. 6672—LADY'S AND MISS'S SLEEVES.

ing shaped like the sleeve, and the top laid in backward and forward turning plaits, forming a wide box-plait at the shoulder. This sleeve can readily be adapted to waists, basque, etc., by taking the seam off the pattern instead of allowing them, as required by the "Bazar" system of cutting and using the fitted lining supplied for No. 2. No. 2 is shown in fancy silk, the round cuff being of velvet. It can be made up with or without the fitted lining, as preferred, and the evenly spaced shirring, shown at the top and bottom, which set off to advantage the soft folds, can be omitted without spoiling the general attractiveness of the sleeve. These sleeves will be found useful if on hand when remodeling dresses and jackets for the approaching season and can be made in material to match or contrast with the garment.

To make these sleeves for a lady having a 36-inch bust measure (medium size), it will require of 44-inch wide material 3⅜ yards for No. 1 design, and 2 yards for No. 2 design.

To make them for a miss of fourteen years (medium size), it will require of the same width material, 2⅞ yards to make design No. 1, and 1½ yards to make design No. 2.

The pattern, which is No. 6672, and retails for 30 cents, is cut in six sizes—three for ladies having a 32-inch, 36-inch, and 40-inch bust measure, and three for misses of twelve, fourteen and sixteen years of age.

NO. 6682—LADY'S WRAPPER.

Striped gingham made this neat, tidy and useful house gown, or work dress, the simple decoration being a bow of ribbon at the throat and a semi-girdle of the same tied in a bow with ends confining the fullness at the waist line. The wrapper is shaped in princess style, the loose fronts being arranged over dart-fitted linings of basque length. The back is close-fitting, side back and under-arm gores completing the close adjustment at the sides, each gore being widened below the w[illegible] to produce

No. 6682—LADY'S WRAPPER.

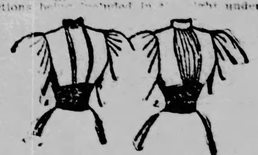
the stylish rippled effect now fashionable. Buttons and button-holes close the fronts, and the neck is finished with a turn-over collar, which can be omitted in favor of a close, standing collar if preferred. Both styles being provided by the pattern. The leg o' mutton sleeves are fashionably full being gathered at the top over comfortable linings and plainly completed at the wrists. Outing and French flannel, cashmere, crepon, satteen, percale, batiste, lawn, gingham and all pretty wool or cotton wash fabrics will develop tastefully by this simple mode, which can be easily laundered when soiled. Embroidery, lace or a fancy batiste collar can be used to elaborate this simple wrapper and convert it into a pretty home gown.

The quantity of 44-inch wide material required to make this wrapper for a lady having a 32-inch bust measure is 8¼ yards, for a 36-inch size, 8½ yards; for a 40-inch size, 8¾ yards; for a 42-inch size, 9 yards.

The pattern, which is No. 6682 and retails for thirty-five cents, is cut in sizes for 32-inch, 34-inch, 36-inch, 40-inch and 42-inch bust measure.

NO. 6636—LADIES' AND MISSES' GIRDLE BELTS.

These fashionable accessories are worn with any style of waist, and may match the material or be made of silk or velvet. No. 1 is represented in silk, gathered full over a lining that is shaped in sections and fitted closely to the figure. The closing is invisible at the under-arm seam. No. 2 is made of velvet, smoothly drawn over the fitted lining, without a wrinkle, its two sections being [illegible] under



No. 6636—LADY'S AND MISS'S GIRDLE BELTS.

arm seam, and the closing effected invisibly on the left. Whalebones are neatly and firmly incased in every seam of the lining.

It will require of 44-inch wide material to make these girdle belts for a lady having a 22-inch, 26-inch, or 30-inch waist measure ⅝ of a yard for a No. 1 design, or ½ of a yard for a No. 2 design.

For misses' sizes of 14 or 16 years it will require ⅝ of a yard for a No. 1 design, and ½ of a yard for No. 2 design.

The pattern, which is No. 6636, and retails for 25 cents, is cut in five sizes—three for ladies of 22, 26 and 30 inches waist measure; and two for misses of 14 and 16 years of age.

NO. 6660—GIRL'S COSTUME.

Fancy plaid woolen goods are here associated with leaf-green velvet, gold gimp heading the ruffled bertha that outlines the rounded yoke. The full waist is arranged over a fitted lining, the smooth upper portion being faced in rounded outline with velvet to simulate a yoke. The fullness at the lower edge is gathered front and back and arranged over the lining, the closing being in center back with small gilt buttons and button-holes. Full puffs are gathered top and bottom over comfortably-fitted linings that are faced to the elbow with velvet. A sash of velvet or silk encircles the waist, being tied in a knot at the left side, with fringed ends falling over the skirt. The fullness of the stylish skirt is gathered at the back, where the placket is finished at the top, pretty ripples falling all around from its circular shaping.

No. 6660—GIRL'S COSTUME.

Dresses in this style can be attractively made from silk, woolen or cotton fabrics, crepon, camel's hair, tweed, cheviot, merino and cashmere in plain, mixed, figured and striped varieties, being handsome when combined with contrasting fabric or colors and decorated with fashionable garniture.

The quantity of 44-inch wide material required to make this dress for a girl of years old is 2¾ yards; for a 10-year-old size, 3⅛ yards; for a 12-year-old size, 3⅝ yards.

The pattern, which is No. 6660 and retails for 25 cents, is cut in sizes for 6, 8, 10 and 12-year-old girls.

NO. 6650—MISS'S WATERPROOF.

Mixed tweed in brown, ecru and blue, rendered thoroughly waterproof in the finish, made this beautiful top garment, that affords perfect protection in inclement weather. The cloak is of the skeleton order, deeply hollowed arms' eyes taking the place of sleeves, thus affording easy ingress and egress. The wide fronts are closed the entire [illegible] with bone buttons

No. 6650—MISS'S WATERPROOF.

and buttonholes, three of a smaller size closing the cape over the breast. The fronts join the body back at the shoulder and under-arm seams, under-arm darts producing a smooth adjustment at the sides. The widely lapped back-skirt portions are joined to the lower edge of body, straps are placed at the sides, being provided with tapes to tie around the waist and hold the back in position. The back can be made open or closed as preferred. Deep pockets with laps are stitched on at convenient depth on each front. The cape extends well below the hips, and is of fashionable but not exaggerated width, single darts fitting the shoulders. A rolling collar finishes the neck, which can be raised for better protection in stormy weather. The cape can be finished with the collar separately and worn with or without the cloak. Medium or light-weight waterproof cloths are usually chosen for cloaks of this kind.

The quantity of 54-inch wide material required to make this waterproof for a miss of years of age is 4⅜ yards, for a fourteen-year-old size, 5 yards; for a sixteen-year-old size, 5¼ yards.

The pattern, which is No. 6650 and retails for thirty-five cents, is cut in sizes for ten, twelve, fourteen and sixteen-year-old misses.

READ THE OFFER:

The above pattern or patterns will be mailed to any address for only 10 cents each. We will fill orders from any person, whether a regular or occasional reader of The Blade. In ordering, address "Pattern Department, Blade, Toledo, Ohio," enclose ten cents silver for each pattern wanted, (do not send stamps if you can obtain other funds). State both title and number of pattern. No coupon required.

Full description and directions—as the number of yards and material required, the number and names of the different pieces in the pattern, how to cut and fit and put the garment together—are sent with each pattern, with a picture of the garment to go by. These patterns are complete in every particular, there being a seaprate pattern for every single piece of the dress.

For ladies, give BUST measure in inches. For SKIRT pattern, give WAIST measure in inches. For misses, boys, girls or children, give BREAST measure in inches. Order patterns by number and give size in inches.

To get BUST or BREAST measure, put the tape measure all of the way around the body, over the dress, close under the arms.

Bottlebinding.

You can't judge of the quality of a book by the binding, nor tell the contents by the title. You look for the name of the author before you buy the book. The name of Robert Louis Stevenson (for instance) on the back guarantees the inside of the book, whatever the outside may be.

There's a parallel between books and bottles. The binding or wrapper of a bottle is no guide to the quality of the medicine the bottle contains. The title on the bottle is no warrant for confidence in the contents. It all depends on the author's name. Never mind who made the bottle. Who made the medicine? That's the question.

Think of this when buying Sarsaparilla. It isn't the binding of the bottle or the name of the medicine that you're to go by. That's only printer's ink and paper! The question is, who made the medicine? What's the author's name? When you see Ayer's name on a Sarsaparilla bottle, that's enough. The name Ayer guarantees the best, and has done so for 50 years.

Still have doubts? Send for the "Curebook."
It kills doubts and cures doubters.
J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

THE X RAYS.

EDISON TRYING TO SEND THEM THROUGH A MAN'S BRAIN.

Making His Own Crookes Tubes—How the Experiment Will Be Conducted by the Wizard.

Thomas A. Edison has been for several days hard at work in his laboratory at Orange, N. J., preparing for his attempt at photographing the interior of the human head by the Roentgen process. Professor Roentgen has given the name of "the X rays" to the rays which penetrate solids, and which are invisible to the eye. As every one knows, X is the algebraic symbol for an unknown quantity.

The earliest experiments made by Mr. Edison in the line of Professor Roentgen's discovery were with the Crookes

PHOTOGRAPHING THROUGH THE BRAIN.

tube. These are about four times larger than the ordinary Edison incandescent light globe and made of thicker glass. Mr. Edison saw that with some simple changes in the electric light globe he could use it in place of the Crookes tube. The air could be as fully exhausted in that as in the Crookes, so as to give an almost perfect vacuum, and as the Edison light globe is constructed of very much thinner glass, so that the rays or electrical discharges resulting from a strong current of electricity meet with less resistance, the result is more decisive.

In order to overcome any possible refraction Mr. Edison decided to construct his tubes like small cylinders, about four inches long, which will be suspended, five of them, over the man's head resting on a table against the shutter containing the sensitive plate.

For a subject the wizard will not go out of his own laboratory. An assistant has been found who will lie on a table with his head resting on the closed shutter containing the sensitized plate, and just over his head the tubes will be suspended. The exposure will be one hour long.

Mr. Edison says that the rays which do the work are not, as commonly supposed, the cathode rays, but that they are as yet mysterious; hence they are called the X rays. The cathode rays can be deflected with a magnet, but the mysterious ray Professor Roentgen has discovered is not subject to that influence. He adds:

"The unknown rays do not reflect or refract. That is one of the secrets of their power. So, as bones are not impervious, I hope to have photographs in the ordinary sense of the term soon, not only of the brain, but of the interior structure of the ear and other things valuable to medical practitioners. All the pictures obtained so far by Professor Roentgen and others who have experimented are mere shadowgraphs. Why the light cannot be reflected no one can tell.

"Do you think the brain is opaque?" he was asked.

"No, I don't think it is. I am quite confident that the light will go through it and produce a valuable photograph."

His first effort will be to photograph sections of the head only by placing a small plate, inclosed in celluloid covers, in the mouth of the subject with the plate facing the palate.

The rays will be directed so as to penetrate the skull and strike the plate at the desired angle. After this another plate similarly inclosed in celluloid covers will be placed in the subject's mouth, facing the right or left side of the head, and the rays will be placed accordingly.

This, in Mr. Edison's opinion, should warrant a successful negative as the rays would only have to pass through one thickness of the skull, and then if the attempt is satisfactory he will try to photograph the entire head with the plate resting at the back and the rays penetrating the face and also with the subject lying on his side to have the rays penetrate from the right or left with the plate on the opposite side.

ANNEKE JANS.

Ex-Governor Hoadly Says That There is Not the Slightest Cloud Upon Trinity's Title.

Toledo Daily Blade, Feb. 17.

Judge George A. Hoadly, of New York, formerly of Ohio, and governor of the Buckeye state, arrived in the city last night and engaged rooms at the Boody. Time was when the judge was in politics way up to his neck, but when he ran for governor against our own Foraker the last time, he became entangled in the liquor controversy, and the electors of Ohio swatted him right and left. George at once threw up politics in disgust, went to New York, and is now a member of the law firm of Hoadly, Lauterbach & Johnson. In doing this he spoiled a poor politician to make a good lawyer.

"I am here in the interests of the Brooklyn bondholders of the Wabash," said Judge Hoadly,

"How about the Anneke Jans case?" asked the reporter, calling to mind that at one time Judge Hoadly's name had been mentioned in connection with the cause celebre.

"It is a most remarkable case, most remarkable," replied the judge. "My name became associated with it in a peculiar way. The Sunbury News Letter, a small paper, published in one of your counties, stated that I had taken up the case in the interest of some of the heirs, and this story was repeated all over the country. As a matter of fact, I had not, but this article rather excited my curiosity and I hunted up the points in connection with the claim for the Trinity church property.

"My friend Nash, who is solicitor for Trinity church, published a card setting forth that there was no legal claim against the property, and I read it. I went to him and learned that the case had been finally decided in chancery as early as 1847, and the complete copy of that decision can be found in the fourth volume of Sanford's Chancery reports, beginning at page 633 and extending over 150 pages. You ought to read that decision, for it is one of the most interesting ever delivered.

"It appears that in the seventeenth century five of the six heirs signed over to New York, through Governor Lovelace, all their right and title to the property, and in 1705 Lorn Cornbury, then governor, granted to Trinity 62 acres of this Anneke Jans Bogardus property, and for 140 years the church has been in possession. About the close of the revolutionary war a descendant of the Bogardus who refused to sign away his rights, began suit to recover title, claiming that the possession of Trinity was the possession of tenant in common and therefore he was not barred by the statute of limitations. Aaron Burr urged the church to fight the claim, and a bitter legal contest resulted. Bogardus undertook to build a fence around a portion of the property, and some of the church people undertook to prevent it. A man in the employ of Bogardus fired at the enemy and was lodged in jail. But this is only an incident, and I am digressing.

"In 1830 John Bogardus, a descendant of Cornelius, brought suit in chancery to establish title and this suit was in court for seventeen years. B. F. Butler, not our "Ben," but a man who was once attorney general and was dubbed by Horace Greeley as 'Stated Preacher' Butler, a splendid lawyer, represented Trinity, and in 1847, Vice Chancellor Sanford wrote this decision in favor of the church. There never was an appeal taken from this, nor any attempt made to renew the fight. The papers signed by five of the six heirs gave Trinity an absolutely indisputable title and possession for 180 years of the remaining one sixth certainly wipes out all claim that any one ever held.

"Any lawyer is a d—n fool to take up such a case, and any claim agent who promises to secure anything is simply trying to rob the people who are descendants."

Bees, lizards and dragon flies as natural as life will be seen nestling amid flowers and foliage on our summer hats.

SKETCHED HERSELF

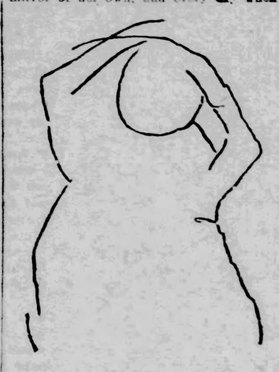
JOHANNA, UP AT CENTRAL PARK, HAS TAKEN TO GRAPHIC ART.

Also Scribbles What Might Strike a Printer as Intended for Literature—An Irritable Genius.

Johanna, the big chimpanzee, who is lodging for the winter season in an iron-bound cage on the second floor of the arsenal, in Central Park, gave an exhibition of her literary and artistic ability yesterday before several newspaper men and friends of Keeper McKay and Assistant Director George R. Burns, says the New York Herald. Johanna is a remarkable animal. In the first place she is the most perfect specimen of her kind in captivity since the death of the lamented Crowley. She is extremely intelligent, and she and her keeper seem to understand each other thoroughly. She shows a deep interest in every movement he makes in her presence, and being of an imitative nature, she often tries to do whatever he does.

THE ARTIST AT WORK.

Now, Mr. McKay has great faith in her intelligence, as well as her ability to pick up the little refinements of life, but he never dreamed that she would get any higher than drinking wine and admiring herself in a mirror. So fond is she of the latter diversion that she has been provided with a mirror of her own, and every day when it



JOHANNA'S PICTURE OF HERSELF.

is brought to her she studies her reflection critically, and grunts with immense satisfaction. She has also been taught to make her own bed, and to peel an orange before eating it.

Some time ago she happened to see Mr. McKay writing with a lead pencil on a pad of paper. She appeared to be greatly interested, and she watched the pencil intently as it moved across the paper. Then she expressed a desire to try her hand at writing, and by way of experiment Mr. McKay handed her the pad and pencil. At first the chimpanzee seemed a trifle puzzled, and she handled the implements of literature awkwardly. Finally, after a few trials, she put the pad of paper on the floor of her cage and held the pencil in her mouth, while she arranged the paper to suit herself. Then she took the pencil between the fingers of her right hand and began to make scrawls on the pad. After she had scrawled for a few minutes she passed the pad and pencil through the bars of her cage to her keeper for inspection, and, presumably, applause.

Yesterday Mr. McKay drew a rough sketch of Johanna's head on a piece of cardboard, and passed the drawing and pencil to her. Johanna laid the cardboard on the floor, and when she had studied the outlines of the sketch critically she put the pencil between her fingers and began a little artistic work on her own account. While at work she squatted close to the floor, and leaning sideways, she threw her left arm across the top of the paper. Her movements with the pencil were awkward, but quick, and she evidently tried hard to copy exactly the motions of her keeper. When she had finished she handed the cardboard and pencil back to Mr. McKay, and he exhibited her work to the astonished people. The result of her artistic endeavor would not, in all probability, receive favorable mention from any artist outside the Beardsley school, but it was quite as intelligible as some of the pictures put forth in these days. In the rude drawing which is here reproduced there was a faint resemblance to the lines of Johanna's own grotesque form, which she studies so complacently in her mirror.

After the artistic exhibition Mr. McKay handed her a folded piece of writing paper and the pencil. Then he spoke a few words to her in an unknown tongue. Again she squatted and put the paper on the floor. Taking the pencil between her fingers she made some scrawls on the paper that would pass muster for handwriting in almost any printing office.

These achievements of Johanna's created a great deal of amusement among the company, and she seemed to enjoy the entertainment quite as much as those who witnessed it. As a reward for her display of intelligence Mr. McKay gave her a half dozen eggs and two large bowls of hot coffee of which she is inordinately fond. Mr. McKay has the drawing in his office and he says he is going to have it framed.

Johanna is the property of James M. Bailey, the circus man, and barring a slight tendency at times to kill her keepers, she is an ideal chimpanzee. She has the strength of a half dozen ordinary men, and she is very dangerous when she is vexed. The iron bars of her cage are one-half inch in diameter, and in front of it at a distance of about six feet there is a heavy glass partition. No one is allowed to go inside of this enclosure except when Mr. McKay or Mr. Burns is present.

—The best way to avoid scalp diseases, hair falling out, and premature baldness, is to use the best preventive known for that purpose—Hall's Hair Renewer.

OLD FAVORITES.

Published by request.

LITTLE MAID-O'-DREAMS.

Little Maid-o'-Dreams, with your
Eerie eyes so clear and pure
Gazing, where we fain would see
Into far eternity
Tell us what you there behold,
In your visions manifold!
What is on beyond our sight,
Bidding till the morrow's light.
Father than we see to-day
As our dull eyes only may?

Little Maid-o'-Dreams, with face
Like as in some woodland place
Lifts a lily, chaste and white,
From the shadow to the light;—
Tell us, from your bubble glance,
What strange sorcery enchants
You as now—here, yet afar
As the realms of moon and star?
Have you magic lamp and ring,
And spell for vassaling?

Little Maid-o'-Dreams, confess
You're divine and nothing less—
For with mortal pulse, we fear,
Yet must yet you, dreaming here—
Yearning, too, to lift the tips
Of your fingers to our lips,
Fearful still you may rebel,
Flight and how's my oracle!
Thus, though all unmeet our kiss,
Pardon this!—and this!—and this!

Little Maid-o'-Dreams, we call
Truce and favor, knowing all—
All your mazie is, in truth,
Pure foresight and faith of youth—
You're a child, yet even so,
You're a sage, in embryo—
Prescient poet—artist—great
As your dreams anticipate—
Trusting God and man, you do
Just as heaven inspires you to.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

Published by request.

OZYMANDIAS.

I met a traveler from an antique land,
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown
And wrinkled lip and sneer of old command
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read,
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed;
And on the pedestal these words appear:
'My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings;
Looke on my works, ye mighty, and despair!'
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

—Shelley.

Never let a scrap of old black silk get away. It is sure to come in useful some time.

If you want a sure relief for pains in the back, side, chest, or limbs, use an

Allcock's Porous Plaster

BEAR IN MIND—Not one of the host of counterfeits and imitations is as good as the genuine.

KAFFIR CORN

The Wonderful Forage and Fodder Plant.

Enormous Yields Even in Dry Seasons. No Plant Can Equal It For Quantity and Quality of Forage and Grain on Thin Lands.

OUR OFFERS:

FOR $1.35 We will send 3½ pounds of Kaffir Corn (enough for one acre), postpaid to any address in the United States, and the WEEKLY BLADE for one whole year.

FOR $1.10 We will send the TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE one year and 2 pounds of Kaffir Corn, postpaid.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Many who have recently renewed their subscription to the WEEKLY BLADE, will desire to order trial packages of the corn. We suggest that they remit $1.35 for 3 1-2 pounds, or $1.10 for 2 pounds, and we will extend their subscriptions ahead another full year. Or, we will accept from subscribers whose time does not expire for some months, and who do not feel like renewing so far in advance, $1.00 for 3 1-2 pounds, or 75 cents for 2 pounds of the corn alone.

Read the Description of Kaffir Corn:

This is the greatest of all forage and fodder plants for all sections of the country. The plant is low, stocks perfectly erect, the foliage is wide, alternating closely on either side of the stalk.

It does not stool from the root, but branches from the top joints, producing from two to four heads of grain from each stalk.

The average height of growth on good strong land, 5½ to 6 feet; on thin land, 4½ to 5 feet. The stalk is stout, never blown about by winds, never tangled and is always manageable, easily handled. A boy can gather the grain heads.

It has the quality of resisting drought. If the growth is checked for want of moisture, the plant waits for rain, and then at once resumes the processes, and in the most disastrous seasons has not failed so far to make its crop. On very thin and worn lands it yields good paying crops of grain and forage, even in dry seasons in which Corn has utterly failed on the same lands.

The whole stalk, as well as the blades, cures into excellent fodder, and in all stages of its growth is available for green feed; cattle, mules and horses being equally fond of it, and its quality is not surpassed by any other known variety. If cut down to the ground, two or more shoots spring from the root, and the growth is thus maintained, until checked by frost.

Kaffir Corn may be planted in the early spring. It bears earlier planting than most fodder plants. It should be put in rows not over three feet apart, even on the best land. Should be massed in the drill on good land, for either grain or forage purposes, and also on thin land if forage mainly is desired. No plant can equal it for quality and quantity of grain and forage on thin lands. Sow three to four pounds of seed to the acre.

Address all letters to

THE BLADE, TOLEDO, OHIO.

CROOKES TUBES.

What They Are—An Electrical Toy Now Made of Use.

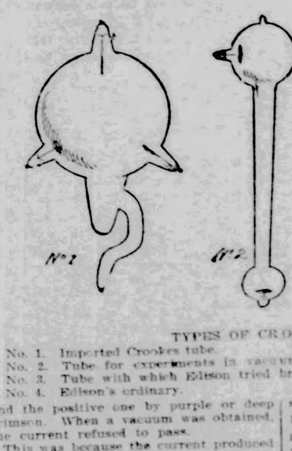
In the various articles referring to experiments in the United States with Roentgen's discovery of the wonderful power of the X rays, the statement is frequent that Crookes tubes are made in Europe, and that experimenters are hindered by the necessity of waiting until orders by cable can be filled; and hence that Edison and others are making tubes of their own.

The Crookes tube has hitherto been more of an electric toy than anything else. Its only use was to demonstrate the behavior of the electric arc in a vacuum. Now it becomes an absolute necessity for the production of the X rays.

Its origin was in the "electric egg," a bit of apparatus used forty years ago in class-rooms to illustrate the behavior of electricity. The "electric egg" was an oval bulb of glass. At each end was secured a brass cap, through which passed an insulated brass rod, ending in a brass ball inside the tube. Through one of the caps ran a tube, to attach the apparatus to an air-pump, by which the air could be exhausted.

The upper rod could be slid in and out, so as to make the balls touch, or separate them to any required distance. The one rod was attached to the prime conductor of a frictional electric machine, and the other rod had a ground connection.

On working the electric machine, sparks pass from one ball to the other when the egg is full of air. By attaching the air-pump and exhausting the air gradually, the electricity no longer passes in the form of a spark, but in that of a vaporous, elongated ball, the negative knob being surrounded with a violet halo,



TYPES OF CROOKES TUBES.

No. 1. Imported Crookes tube.
No. 2. Tube for experiments in vacuum.
No. 3. Tube with which Edison tried brain photography.
No. 4. Edison's ordinary.

and the positive one by purple or deep crimson. When a vacuum was obtained, the current refused to pass.

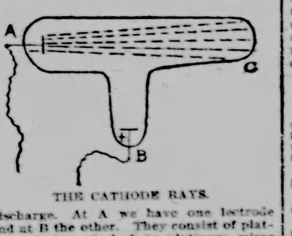
This was because the current produced by a frictional machine is not strong enough. When the dynamo was invented, Prof. Crookes, an English scientist, experimented with the electrical egg, and the result was that he developed it into the apparatus named after himself—the Crookes tube.

The discharge through it fills the tube with a wierd fluorescent glow, and sets in vibration the universal ether. These vibrations are invisible, move in straight lines, and can not be refracted nor reflected. They are the X rays of Prof. Roentgen.

The Cathode Rays.

These X rays are not what have hitherto been called "cathode rays." The following explanation and cut, for which we are indebted to Electricity, an excellent weekly journal published at 6 Park place, New York, will make the difference clearer:

The figure below represents a typical form of the vacuum tube capable of showing a strongly developed cathode



THE CATHODE RAYS.

discharge. At A we have one electrode and at B the other. They consist of platinum disks attached to platinum wires which are sealed in the glass.

Let the electrode A be connected to the negative and B to the positive pole of an induction coil. As the air pressure in the tube is reduced, the color and the general appearance of the discharge continually change character. When the pressure reaches a fraction of a millionth of an atmosphere, the intensity of the discharge in the gas itself becomes very much reduced, but in its place appears a strong fluorescence of the glass. This fluorescence is produced by faint streamers which proceed in straight lines from the negative electrode, as indicated by the straight lines from the disk at a toward the terminal C of the tube. The streamers are called the cathode rays.

Prof. Crookes, of London, advanced the theory that the streamers represent a fourth state of matter, which he called radiant matter. According to this theory there is matter moving from the negative electrode, where it is projected by the action of electric force, and whenever this moving matter strikes the glass it causes it to fluoresce. The fact that the fluorescing portions of the tube become very hot when the action of the coil is powerful seemed to support Crookes's hypothesis, namely, that there is along the path of the cathode rays projected matter moving with very high velocity.

Cathode rays are deflected by magnetic force. The late Prof. H. Hertz, of Bonn, in 1891 that cathode rays are capable of passing through thin sheets of metal like gold leaf, aluminum, silver, etc., if these sheets are placed within the vacuum in the path of the rays.

The X Rays.

Roentgen's discovery adds a new accompaniment to the cathode rays. It

LADY AGENTS wanted to sell superior toilet preparations every lady buys. Big profits. Big pay. pleasant work. General agents wanted in each county; one average $30 per week. Write for terms. **Dale Medicine Co., "Dept. 12," Kansas City, Mo.**

WOMEN IN TROUBLE.

Nobody cares. **"Dr. Norton's Silver Moon Female Regulator"** is the

THE HOUSEHOLD

MRS. HELEN E. BOUTON, EDITOR

A Song of Hope.

Children of yesterday,
Heirs of to-morrow,
What are you weaving—
Labor and sorrow?
Look to your looms again;
Faster and faster
Fly the great shuttles
Prepared by the Master.
Life's in the loom,
Room for it—room!

Children of yesterday,
Heirs of to-morrow,
Lighten the labor
And sweeten the sorrow.
Now—while the shuttles fly
Faster and faster,
Up and be at it—
At work with the Master.
He stands at your loom,
Room for Him—room!

Children of yesterday,
Heirs of to-morrow,
Look at your fabric
Of labor and sorrow;
Seamy and dark
With despair and disaster;
Turn it—and lo,
The design of the Master!
The Lord's at the loom,
Room for Him—room!

Mary A. Lathbury.

HATING DRUDGERY.

YET IT IS THE MEANS BY WHICH SUCCESS IS WON.

Give It a Purpose and Weariness Does Not Count—It Is Drudgery Without Aim That Kills.

"I hate this drudgery!"

The words were most emphatically spoken, the tone one that did not admit of any doubt as to the feeling which lay back of the utterance.

And what was it that she so hated? Her every day duties; the routine work which was necessary to be done as often as the new day came; duties that seemed never to lose the insistence which they possessed from the beginning. The comfort of several persons depended upon their careful performance; nay, more than comfort, their well-being in many ways.

They were homely duties. No wealth, no fame could come from their doing to the doer, and they had grown so monotonous. She felt, as many another feels, that she was in a vise from which there was no possible escape. The rut in which she walked was growing deeper and deeper every day, and she saw, or thought she saw, all of the possibilities of a freer, broader life passing away from her. She could do so much more,could she get away from this drudgery, this endless round of work in which there was no element of freshness, nothing to invigorate her with a sense of newness, of something to be learned.

I imagine that to all of us there comes at times this same feeling; this weariness with what we have to do daily, from one year's end to the other, and we long to escape from our environments and to enter new fields which seem covered with pastures fair that we might harvest, if to us were given the opportunity. The business man hates figures and wants to live upon a farm; the farmer would give his farm gladly for the chance of the merchant. The mother loves her family, but she grows weary of the patching, the darning, the make-shifts, the limitations which hedge her days about on all sides. The wage-earner gets tired of the labor that knows no ending and small variation and so on to the end of the chapter. The life occupation of the major part of the world, looked at from one side is drudgery first, last and always.

But is there not another side to the matter? May not this drudgery from which there seems no escape be made to yield to us something of lasting value, something that shall inhere in us through all the lives we shall hereafter live here or elsewhere? I think about this there is no manner of doubt.

Character is not made by the easy, pleasant things that come now and then in accordance with our desires. We do not become strong by an occasional putting forth of power, but it is the day by day doing of what we have to do, through all discouragement, through all distaste, through all weariness. It is the being compelled to accomplish things on time; to do them carefully; to be accurate; to hold ourselves in check when dealing with others—it is these things which give what we may call the fundamentals of character; which educate us into habits of attention, of self-control; which make us patient and self-denying, not just for to-day or to-morrow, but ingraining these qualities through constant repetition of the according action, until they become a very part of ourselves. They are the result of what we call drudgery. They are what finally make the power of achievement some time and somewhere, if not just here and now, for it is absolutely true that no effort can be lost or destroyed.

It is "drudgery," that which we grow weary of and hate, that makes great men and women what they are. Charles Dickens once said: "My imagination would never have served me as it has, but for the habit of common-place, humble, patient, daily, toiling drudging attention." And when Mr. Edison described his repeated efforts to make the phonograph reproduce an aspirated sound, he concluded with "From 18 to 20 hours a day for the last seven months I have worked on this single word 'specia.' I said into the phonograph 'specia, specia, specia,' but the instrument responded 'peeta, peeia, peeia.' It was enough to drive one mad. But I held firm and I have succeeded." That was drudgery, pure and simple, but it had its results in achievement.

It takes what we call "drudgery" to do anything well. Think of Bancroft spending 25 years in writing a history; of Noah Webster who took 36 years to make a dictionary; of Stephenson who worked 15 years upon a locomotive; of a Watt who spent 20 years upon a condensing engine—all of them doing the same thing over and over again to the end.

It is true that there is drudgery and drudgery, that is, there is the kind that is hopeless from first to last because it has no aim, and because no lesson is learned from its doing; and there is the other which regards it only as the means to an end and is therefore accepted in that spirit and made the most of. It is the first that comes to be hated; it s the last which leads to "pastures fair." If we do not put a meaning into our lives, then we might just as well not have lived.

"How can I put a meaning into such humdrum work as mine?"

My friend, there is absolutely nothing in this world of work that cannot be made full of the deepest significance if so we will. There is a perfection to be reached in the homeliest task which is worth striving for, as when it is gained the result is so glorified that the homeliness is forgotten.

In the Louvre is one of Murillo's pictures showing the interior of a convent kitchen, but the workers therein are beautiful white-winged angels instead of poor weary mortals. "One is putting the kettle on to boil, and one is lifting up a pail of water with heavenly grace, and one is at the kitchen dresser, reaching up for plates." I think the artist must have meant to show how the commonest things of every day life are worthy of the attention even of the angels, and that it is the spirit of the act and not the act itself which gives it character. And if it be humdrum it is because we make it so in the doing.

We may feel the weariness of what we are obliged to do; we may believe that we are worthy of better work—work which is more in consonance with our wishes, but there is one thing certain—if we despise the drudgery of the present duties, those that lie nearest to hand, despise it so much that all of our effort is without heart or vitality, nothing better will come. It cannot. We are dissipating our forces. We are not building our characters to strength but to weakness. Aim to make the drudgery a factor to carry us forward, and it will surely in some way do so.

It is said that Lincoln was once asked what he would do if, after three or four years, the rebellion were not subdued, and he replied: "Oh, there is no alternative but to keep pegging away."

It is this "pegging away" that is the secret of all growth, all accomplishment. Nature works slowly. She does not "hate drudgery," but she makes it serve her purpose. And this is what we must do if we are to render life successful upon either the material or the spiritual plane.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

FEBRUARY FANCIES.

Bring Two or Three Articles of More or Less Beauty and Utility.

Fancy Toilet Box.

Cut from cardboard six pieces shaped for the sides and ends of the box as shown in the illustration, and of suitable size to look well upon the toilet table. Cover these first with a dark shade of blue, red or if preferred with black velvet or satin, and over this put a second cover of a lighter, prettily contrasting color of the same materials, in which the design shown has been cut out. Applique this down neatly and sew the pieces together; fit a piece of cardboard for the bottom of the box, and line that and the sides with puffed satin of the darker shade used. In one end of the box make a pin cushion, covered with puffed satin, and in the other put a looser cushion, covered with net for hair pins. The center of the box will hold combs and brushes, etc.

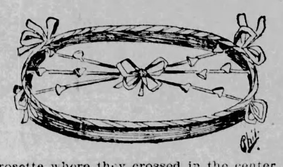
If preferred the side and ends may be

cut in one piece, slightly bent at the corner angles, and fastened together with baby ribbon or silk cords passed through eyelet holes made in the ends.—Annabel Grant.

Another Rattle.

Seeing the description of a baby's rattle in a recent number of The Blade, I am moved to describe one I made for a little nephew. I took a small embroidery ring, covered it with a thin layer of batting and wound it with bright ribbon.

Then I took three strips of the same ribbon and stretched them tightly from side to side of the frame, fastening them under loops and ends, and putting a



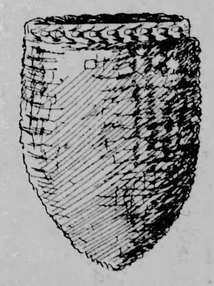
rosette where they crossed in the center. To each of these ribbons I fastened tiny silver bells and when sir baby grasps the plaything by the center knot and shakes it, he makes royal music.—Aunt Dolly Dutton.

Friction Mitten.
(By Request.)

Use fine twine or cord for the foundation and hemp packing twine for the rough outside surface. Knit it in two halves, and sew them together with an over-and-over stitch.

Use steel needles, and cast on 30 stitches. Knit back and forth 80 rows of plain knitting, but in every second row knit the coarse twine in loops, which are cut open after the mitten is finished. The loops are made thus:

Slip the first stitch and before knitting



the next stitch lay the thick twine across the working thread; knit a stitch with the fine twine; bring the coarse twine from the front to the back across the stitch just knitted, and over the working thread; knit a stitch with the fine twine; carry the thick twine around a mesh or rod an inch in circumference which is to be held at the back of the work, and then bring it to the front before the next stitch; repeat from *. In the last 26 of the 80 rows narrow one stitch at both ends of every plain row. This will be found an excellent remedy for numbness of the limbs ,coldness, etc., caused by poor circulation.

THE COOK'S DEPARTMENT.

"Cheerful Company Aids Digestion."

One of the Cook's friends is troubled to know how to make her breakfasts pleasanter occasions and perhaps there are those who read this, who will sympathize with her, when she says: "The family come to breakfast one at a time; all are cross at having to rise in the morning and all look at me as if I was to blame for it. What with keeping the tea and coffee hot for the late comers, and providing hot cakes, freshly cooked eggs, and waiting on those who must have an early breakfast. I am so tired that I cannot eat, and by the time the last straggler has finished his breakfast I am almost cross myself. Now do tell me if I can help this state of affairs by preparing more dainty breakfasts for them; if so, what shall they be?"

"Almost cross" indeed; if any woman could be excused from being not almost but quite cross, it would be one with such a family. If I were to advise you, my dear friend, I would say, appoint a time for breakfast and have it understood that a hot, nicely cooked meal would be ready at that time, and at no other time that morning. When it is ready, do you sit down with such others as may be with you and eat your breakfast. As others come in, let them help themselves to what there is, but on no account do you trouble yourself to provide hot dishes. After a few days of this treatment, I think you will find that all of the family will make an effort to be on time. There is reason in all things, and you should not have your day made uncomfortable by the selfishness of others. Breakfast is, in many families the most difficult meal to arrange for, as no one feels any great appetite at that time. A cup of good coffee with rolls , or some of the varieties of crackers and biscuits are generally sufficient. Eggs cooked in various ways, or some of the cereals are easily prepared and wholesome. Where a late breakfast is taken, meat of some kind, and creamed or French fried potatoes are prepared, and it certainly stands to reason that a man, or a woman will be better prepared for the labors of the day, if they begin the day with a substantial meal. But whatever you eat, or do not eat, don't be cross about it. If you do, the unpleasant feeling will go with you all day and, worse than that, the result of your crossness will remain with the rest of the family also.

The time for rhubarb or pie-plant, as it is sometimes called, is near at hand, and a friend sends us the following recipe for

Rhubarb Dumplings.

Make a nice biscuit dough, roll out about 1 in. thick and cut with a large biscuit cutter. Wash the rhubarb without peeling, and cut in very small bits. Roll your biscuits till they are very thin, and place on the middle of each piece a spoonful of the rhubarb, a spoonful of sugar, and a little bit of a piece of butter. Pinch the edges of the crust together and place the dumplings in a plate, with the smooth side uppermost; set the plate in a steamer, and steam for 45 minutes. Serve hot with sweet sauce.

The Cook was invited to a little family dinner the other day, and among other good things was served a most delicious pudding. True to her habit of gathering in all the information possible for The Blade readers, she learned that it was made of slices of bread, spread with prepared mince meat and covered with a custard made of 1 pt. of milk and 2 eggs, with sugar and flavoring to taste. It was an original idea of the hostess, whose husband could not eat mince pie, but who found no difficulty in absorbing plenty of the light, wholesome bread and mince meat. Try it, and see if it is not an improvement on the pies.

"Uniform politeness is a species of godliness. It may not make a saint of a woman, but it makes a lovely sinner."

The really, truly politeness is meant, of course, in the above quotation, not the veneered article that will not bear contact with the unpleasant things one meets with in their journey from the cradle to the grave. It is the politeness that enables a woman to make every one around her happy; to do everything in her power to smooth off the rough edges of social fears and imaginary troubles for the timid ones, and make for them a most delightful and enjoyable affair of the social function they so much dreaded.

She adopts Ruskin's advice that "we should be trying to find out, not in what we differ with other people, but in what we agree with them." She makes it a point of conscience to forget as many of the unpleasant things she hears or sees, and to remember as many of the pleasant ones as possible. Truly, if we may not be saints, let us strive to help others, by being "lovely sinners."

And about using the word woman, instead of lady—not that this talk on "sinners" reminds us of women especially, but it was suggested just now by a letter from a correspondent who asks the reason for my use of this word—woman—and why it was substituted for "lady" in a recent communication from her to the Blade Household. Possibly I should apologize for changing the word without first asking her consent, but it seemed so much better in the connection in which she used the term "lady," that I took the liberty.

Woman seems to have so much more meaning, strength and character than lady, for every true woman is a lady, while, alas, that it is so, every one who is called a lady, does not come up to the standard of a true woman. We hear so much now-a-days, about shop-ladies and wash ladies, kitchen ladies, etc., that it was quite refreshing when I was asked at my door one morning if I wanted a woman to work for me.

According to our best authority God did not think that Adam needed a lady for a helpmeet, but made "of the rib taken from man, a woman." If we are true, womanly women, we shall not fail of being recognized as being true ladies also. So let us use the good, old-fashioned word, which, next to the word mother, means the best of everything.

And under the present social dispensation we all, women or ladies, must give thought to what we shall wear, and to many of us the approach of spring when everything in nature is bright and fresh, causes us to look with dissatisfaction upon the gowns that have grown dull and dingy looking, after the faithful service they have given us during the winter. We do not wish to cast them aside entirely—they are still too good for that—but we do wish they looked a little smarter. This may be accomplished very easily, thanks to the present freak of fashion, by removing the old trimmings on the waist and, after giving the garment a thorough dusting and sponging, substituting a full vest, sleeves and collar of some of the beautiful silks that sell from 25 cents to $1 a yard.

If you have an old black silk or wool dress, you can use a fancy shot or figured silk or some of the many varieties of plaids that are so fashionable. Is your dress a colored one—use a silk that will blend nicely with the predominating color of the dress, or use black for the trimmings. Black and white striped or flowered silk always is nice for a married lady's dress, especially if she is past the first years of her matronage.

For the young ladies and girls this is to be a ribbon summer; ribbons galore, combined with organdies so sheer and of such lovely designs that it is a pleasure merely to look at them—think what joy to possess them! Ribbons with muslins, printed lawns and dimities. Ribbons worn in every possible combination. Dresden or Persian designs in ribbons lead in favor, but any pretty ribbon will be worn.

We read in a fashion magazine that the very latest fad for neckwear for young girls is ribbon three or four inches wide and one and one-half yards long. Catch it in folds in its center to the collar of your waist with a lace pin, draw it back in folds and tie in a knot with long loops and ends in the back. This is becoming to nearly every face.

Not alone in the dress goods department are we who are housekeepers interested—the bed and table linen must be carefully looked to and replenished. K. H., who always has something to say when she comes, gives us a good suggestion to those who are about to make up new pillow slips.

I presume our pillow-slips all wear out in time, leaving two edges of pretty good muslin. If we are economical we will rip the side and bottom seams when the slip begins to get thin, and turn it half around, thus making a seam, of course, right where the head will lie upon it, but it does not matter much. My idea is this: Why not when making new slips make bags of them, but leave both ends open, hemming each. Either button or tie both ends, then when put on a pillow the slip can present any side to the cheek of the sleeper, and when worn out 'tis worn all over. —K. H.

One who signs herself "Granny Cary" comes with her knitting work, and with some very nice things to say to Mrs. E. E. W., but which we all shall enjoy listening to.

Mercy sake's alive! Do let me hurry, or I can't find any room in the Corner it is getting so full. But can an old granny come in? I know old folks are out of fashion nowadays. If there is room for me, please let me have the splint-bottomed rocking-chair and sit right up close to Mrs. E. E. W., to whom my heart goes out in sympathy, for I, too, have known many weary months of languishing from nervous prostration, and now am far from well, though able to be pokin' around, keepin' busy—and that puts me in mind of my knitting, Sam's sock. He had rather have "ma" knit them than to wear bought ones, for they wear the best. One, two, three, seam. Yes, I do pity the sick, though I do believe there are worse things than physical sickness. Sad, hopeless heart-sickness. And I have suffered both.

Mrs. W., if you have any to love and care for you, and above all Jesus' presence within you, as your own precious Saviour, take comfort. Be patient. The sweet bye-and-bye is coming, and, 'like as one whom his mother comforteth' so will the Lord comfort you for so He has promised. Sweet resting place, His arms. Would you be willing to change places and conditions in all things with any one? I hardly believe you would. I wouldn't and I have known sorrow in its bitterness, but my loved ones are very dear to me and I could not give them up for anything but God's will. But I am getting tiresome I am afraid, as old folks are apt to be, and I have got to set my heel now.

A "Troubled Martha" comes from the Empire State with some of her household difficulties for the expert housekeepers of the Cozy Corner to solve for her.

I've learned many good things in this Corner and wish to learn more. Have been a reader of The Blade for years, have been told that Ohio cooks are the best in the world, but if they are better cooks than the Pennsylvanians they must be a little more than perfect. I am trying Mrs. McManus' way of bread-making. And wish to ask how to make good soft soap. I used to make excellent soap, but so many years ago I have forgotten how.

We took six and one-half pails of lye strong enough to float a large potato and five pounds of fine, white, caked tallow, one-half pint of lime, boiled it all day; will not mix; let it get cold; took off four pounds of tallow; underneath were two inches of hard soap, and just below the soap three pails of lye. Will some good house-mother tell me what is the trouble?

From Lancaster, where they have the Reform School, the Methodist camp-meetings and many other things which are helping to make this world better comes Willa, a new friend from whom we hope to hear often.

After reading Laurel's letter I just wondered if many people agreed with her about Robert Elsmere. To me it is rather irreligious than otherwise. What do the other members think? I could not narrow my ideas down as much as she, but they are: Religious, Beecher's Norwood; Historical, Cooper's Novels; Sensational, Lorna Doone; Essayist, Emerson; Humorist, Mark Twain; Dramatical, Shakespeare; English, Dickens; Home Life, Rose Carey.

Bacon tells us what to read in these words: "Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed and some few to be chewed and digested." Isn't that to the point?

But we all know that a person is always a delightful conversationalist when they have a wide knowledge of books.

"Dacious," our first visitor from Maryland, my Maryland—also has an answer to Laurel's question. If we should follow her advice in our reading we would be better prepared to judge of the merits of the books we read.

With much pleasure I enter my name on the list of your Cozy Corner friends. In answer to Laurel's question as to the advisability of reading few or many books, I would say: It is better to gain a thorough knowledge of the style and motives of a few authors than a superficial one of many. A book should be read three times before an attempt is made to judge of its merits.

M. T. Head, whose information concerning cheap literature has helped so many (not less than sixty different persons having inquired in reference to it), has now another jewel in her crown of helpful deeds in the following letter written by a friend, at the request of Tom's Wife:

"The member of the Household, who, under the name of M. T. Head, gave such kind and clear instructions on preparing wool for comforts, will please accept the thanks of Tom's Wife, who has no opportunity of going out to gain information, on account of her four little children who need her care all of the time. If it be called a lady, does not come up to the standard of a true woman. We hear so much now-a-days, about shop-ladies and wash ladies, kitchen ladies, etc., that it was quite refreshing when I was asked at my door one morning if I wanted a woman to work for me.

Invalid has been advised by her physician to use "Somatose Biscuit," and not liking to display her ignorance to this new doctor of hers, she would be very grateful to any one who would explain to her what they are.

Nellie asks what she can buy for a christening gift for her little niece and namesake. It must be something very nice and the very latest fashion, for the baby is just the nicest baby "that ever needed a gift," as Nellie says.

Boys and girls, who read the Cozy Corner, here's a letter for you to answer. It came from a very nice boy named Freddy, and the editor hopes he will excuse her for correcting the spelling in it before she puts it in the paper. She has no doubt but that Freddy could have spelled the words all right, only he was so much interested in his question that he forgot about other things:

Mister Blade Editor:—Us boys has got a society where we promise never to say bad words nor swear nor chew tobacco nor smoke cigarettes nor do nothing our mothers don't want us to. A rew boy wants to belong, but he swears and smokes when he thinks his folks wont see him, and says bad things when the girls go by on the street. His folks are richer than all of us, and he says he will treat us to candy and peanuts every week if we will let him belong, and some of the fellows think we ought to let him, so we can reform him. I don't, so I ask you what we ought to do.

A Wife is assured that her successful plans for improving her home will be very welcome, whenever she will send them.

Mrs. H. B. F. sends words requested last week to songs entitled "Lilly Dale" and "The Old Musician and His Harp." These will be used as soon as possible.

F. L. T. goes to the root of the trouble and advises H. E. to dissolve 1 thimbleful of table salt in ¼ pt. of pure cider vinegar and take 2 or 3 tablespoonfuls ½ hr. before breakfast. This is an infallible remedy, he claims, for the stomachic trouble that causes the canker in the mouth.

We give the following from Henderson's Handbook of Plants, in answer to Geo. A. Bailey's question in regard to chrysanthemums:

The first object in the cultivation of these plants is to obtain dwarf specimens, which is done by continually cutting back of the branches. Young plants should be potted in small pots filled with sandy loam, placed in a cool, airy situation and given plenty of water. In about a month they should be shifted to the larger pots in which they are to bloom. The soil now should be equal parts of loam and rotten manure. Cut the tops frequently to insure many branches; water carefully every day. Give the plants plenty of room for air, and leave them out till just before the frosts. When removed to the house do not crowd them and give a full supply of air and water till the flowering season is passed, when they may be removed to a cool cellar till spring, at which time they are to be separated and planted out.

MRS. WARD'S NOVEL.

A WORK OF SIGNIFICANCE AND FINE LITERARY QUALITY.

Her Leading Characters Are in the Political Arena—Fawcett's Criticism of a Good Book.

When it was announced that a new novel by Mrs. Humphrey Ward was to be issued serially by The Century Company curiosity was stimulated to the utmost as to what it would prove to be—whether a masterpiece of her art or something bearing the impress of the spontaneity that marked her earlier works. Recently her publishers issued a four months' installment of the story, running from November through February, thus giving a fair opportunity to judge of its inner character and of its literary merits.

Only one opinion as to the latter is possible. In Sir George Tressady all of the fine literary polish which comes from a lifetime spent in an atmosphere of intellectual culture united to natural gifts, is visible. So far there is absolutely nothing as I can discover, to mar the story from that point of view. On the other hand, it is, from the first, evident that it is not written because there is

MRS. HUMPHREY WARD.

something burning within her that must find expression. Rather has she determined to set forth certain of her own political convictions, and she has brought to bear all of her wonderful gifts for this purpose. She has studied passing events with such keenness of vision, with such closeness of observation as to have mastered much that to the ordinary man or woman would be a sealed book, and the result is a work of marked brilliancy, and one which will stamp her as the foremost novelist of the day. One might wish, perhaps, that there was more of spontaneity, more of that something which makes the reader feel that the writer is, in truth, of and in her work, instead of the calm, self-poised observer who is transcribing from the outside what is passing. Mrs. Ward gives one always the impression of intellectual strength and power far beyond the average, joined to a gift of fine, polished expression, in which imagination is held with such strong rein as to scarcely be evident, and with little trace of spiritual insight or intuition.

And yet while all this seems to me true, one is almost startled at times with her evident comprehension of the contrarieties which move men, and her dissection of underlying motives. Take the two characters, for instance, of Sir George Tressady and Fontenoy—both in the political arena; both working to the same end; commanding in effort but utterly unlike in all that goes to make up the personality. Fontenoy, the leader, with "his fierce will, his extravagant and reckless force," converted from a gambler and a spendthrift into the 'passionate leader of an arduous cause;" Sir George Tressady with far less intensity, and with a half-skeptical attitude of mind towards life—"a man full of odds and ends of ideas of nascent interests, curiosities and opinions" influenced just at this time by a desire for political distinction rather than any other motive, yet honest, and courageous—two men more utterly unlike can scarcely be conceived of and yet they are equally interesting, and equally vivid in portraiture.

Mrs. Ward sometimes puts in a few words, a flash-light upon her characters, as when she says: "Fontenoy smiled, too, though without geniality. Geniality had become impossible to a man always overworked and on edge."

Then again where our old friend Marcella, now Lady Maxwell, whose husband is the leader of the party opposed to Fontenoy, is thinking of Tressady and finally says to herself: "His heart is all in power, in what he takes for magnificence. He talks as if he had no humanity, and did not care a rap for anybody. But it is a pose—I think it is a pose. He is interesting; he will develop. One would like to show him things." She has decided it is evident that nothing has as yet aroused him to the center of his being, but if something should he would be a force.

Then this about her feeling towards Lord Maxwell: "It was a photograph of her husband—a tall, smooth-faced man, with pleasant eyes, features of no particular emphasis, and the free carriage of the country bred Englishman. As she looked at it her face relaxed unconsciously, inevitably, under the stimulus of some habitual and secret joy."

If Mrs. Ward carries to the end the same strength of development, and the same artistic touch—and who can doubt that she will—the result will be a novel which will command the admiration of the literary world.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Receive a Formal Introduction to the Gentleman From Montana.

Mr. J. Frank Cooper, of Darby, president of the Order of Blade Merry Go Rounds in Montana, gives the following autobiography in verse that is to the point, if it is more or less "blank:"

"I was born twenty-two years past
In the state of muddy waters;
August, eighteen seventy-three,
On the banks of 'Old Missouri.'
I am fond of literature,
And have gained a little knowledge,
By pluck and perseverance,
And going one term to college.
I'm by trade a carpenter,
A teacher by profession;
A farmer and a cobbler,
And a barber, in succession;
An angler and a nimrod,
A writer by selection;
In short, a 'Jack of all trades,'
And none of them perfection."

Subject under discussion this month: "Resolved, That Cordelia, the daughter of King Lear, is a specimen of ideal womanhood; and why."

The new members admitted to fellowship this week were Dimple, Book Lover, Nita and Briar Rose.

The old members who helped to initiate them were: Uncle Sam's Daughter, Mountain Ranger, Esther, N. E. Girl, and Morning Star.

The retiring Ohio president, Mr. Walter Wright, made his final report to the Chaperone this week in his usual manly, businesslike way. Miss Prudence thanks him very sincerely for his help in the past, his interest in the present, and his hopeful words concerning the future of the order, and assures him he will always hold a very high place in her estimation.

Ivy, Ind.:—You should have sent your full address if you wanted your letter published, my dear; try again.

Inda:—Your personal letter to the Chaperone was highly appreciated and she will be glad to hear from you whenever you have leisure.

Miss Prudence wishes to publicly acknowledge a very beautiful gift sent her by one of her Michigan girls. It is an album containing photographs of various famous places in Europe and this country with carefully pressed specimens of flowers, leaves and grasses from these localities. It is of much value in itself, and doubly prized because of the loving words that accompanied it, and the affection that prompted its giving. The Chaperone is inclined to think there never was such another fortunate editor as she is.

Nina, Ark.:—"I think with Peach Blossom that some of the nicest people in the world are old maids, and with Blue Bell, that true ladies will not use slang."

Briar Rose, Mo.:—"I send greeting to Invalid and wish to thank Phrenologist for his great compliment to the 'peevish set;' if we have longer tongues, we may see the day to use them in proclaiming our rights."

Morning Star, Minn.:—"Smith, Esther, is the one book which the Bible contains in which the word God does not occur. I admire Red Bird for saying that she would marry a man she loved if he were poor, but I believe in following the dictates of this little song:

'If ever you have nothing,
And your lover has nothing,
Don't be in a hurry to wed.
For nothing plus nothing makes nothing,
And nothing don't chew like bread.'"

Dimple, Pa.:—"I expect sometime to go as a missionary to Africa and should like to correspond with any one who intends following this line of work. I second C. A. Nada's motion that we give our ideas concerning the most noble life to lead, and who we think has nearest approached the ideal."

Esther, Col.:—Gives the same answer to Smith's question and says: "What do the M. G. R.'s think of killing snakes, spiders, insects, etc.? We have been discussing the question in school and are about equally divided upon it, some claiming that even the rattler if left alone is harmless. I would be afraid to risk that, or the racer, otherwise I do not believe in killing anything. I have never molested a spider or been hurt by one, and have never been stung by a bee, though I have often been among them. I think they were all put here by God, and should be left alone."

Mountain Ranger, W. Va.: "Like Hayseed, I sympathize with the Cubans in their struggle for independence, for what would our own fair country have been, if we had not gained our liberty? I do not believe in European government on this side of the Atlantic unless it is preferred by the people governed."

New England Girl, Mass.:—"Bachelors comprise that part of the male population who are either too bashful or too stingy to share their worldly possessions with a wife, or else are so ugly that the fair sex will not marry them.

"The kinds of bachelors are too numerous to mention; in the wild state they are quite unmanageable, but every year thousands of the unsuspecting creatures are caught and taken into captivity.

After they are sorted the ugly and conceited are shipped to the lumbering and mining districts of the Western and Central states; the bashful ones are sold at auction to the highest bidders; while the old and stupid are exported to all parts of the world, but those of superior quality are retained here in the East, and once thoroughly domesticated, they command the highest market price ,and eventually become useful and ornamental members of society."

Book Lover, Ind.: "I come to-day with a loving tribute to one of America's loveliest and most gifted women writers, Celia Thaxter. Both in prose and poetry her word painting is beautiful beyond expression. In 'Among the Isles of Shoals' her descriptions of the ocean are so grand and thrilling that one can almost hear the thunder of the waves upon the rock girt shores of the island that was for so many years her beloved home.

"August 26, 1894, her beautiful life upon earth closed, and she was tenderly laid to rest by the friends who had loved her so dearly and who brought offerings of the flowers and sweet bay leaves which she had so loved. I am particularly interested in her, perhaps, because I have a correspondent who was personally acquainted with her, and who has told me much about her.

"The account of the Christmas entertainment is interesting, and, like the man who was prevented from attending the Centennial Exposition in 1876, 'I hope I may be able to attend the next one.'"

Chinook Wind, Wash.—"With your permission, I will tell you this morning of my trip down the Columbia river. I started west toward Portland, 214 miles away, one beautiful October day, having engaged passage in a stern-wheel river boat that is made very strong and powerful that it may stem the many rapids encountered on the route. For the first 100 miles from Wallula the river passes through a very rough, hilly country that is utilized for stock range, and for the raising of wheat.

"The river then takes a plunge of about 20 feet before entering the gorge of the Cascade ,after which the traveler passes through some of the finest scenery in America; the mountains in many places rising for thousands of feet almost perpendicularly, while mountain streams, fed by perpetual snow banks, plunge over the brink of the dizzy heights, and into the blue waters of the Columbia every few miles.

"It is on this route that the tourist passes the Cascade locks, a place that has been sixteen years building, involving the expenditure of many millions of dollars."

Bachelor, Pa.:—"It is not fine clothes nor polished manners that make the gentleman. I have seen many a person dressed like a fashion plate, and so full of 'tangle-foot' and vulgar language that their own parents (had they seen them) would turn from them in disgust. On the other hand, I have heard them use the best of language and be so pleasing that one would like to be led to think they knew no evil, when at the same time they were ready to commit any kind of a bad action."

Cara Mia, Iowa:—"I wonder how many of you have ever visited an insane hospital? The building is immense, and the wards are very long; three or four girls have charge of them, and they are kept bright and cozy to make them as homelike as possible. 'Hope' and I have pleasant times reading our M. G. R. corner, and if any of you ever go through Independence, we invite you to call. 'Pepper-Sauce' was here, but has gone away. Some time ago some one asked if any of the M. G. Rs. were members of the C. C., or Loyal Home Workers, as it is now called, connected with the National Tribune. 'Pepper-Sauce' and I have been members for years, and 'Hope' has lately joined."

Boadicea, I. T.:—"The Indians here are a little over medium height, dark brown with a coppery hue, calm and reticent in demeanor, and generally peaceful and law abiding citizens.

"The men are very indolent, their highest ambition being to be a good marksman. Some of the older men wear only their blankets wrapped about them, but the younger and more intelligent dress much like the white men. The women wear blankets in place of coat or hat; on the hottest summer days they may be seen with their heads either blanketed or entirely bare.

"Often the floor or ground serves as their table, and skunks and dogs are considered by some of them as food delicacies. The Indian always expects a meal when he visits you, no matter at what time of the day he comes; this is his idea of hospitality. Those who can afford to do so, build houses.

"I was introduced to and shook hands with Mr. Bill Poke, a noted preacher among his tribe. He claims he has visited the 'happy hunting grounds,' when the Great Spirit gave him some tobacco to distribute among his people, and so long as they wear it on their person, keep it constantly in mind and have implicit faith, they will not die. I have heard that he preaches very well, but does not quite live up to his teachings, too often the way with many, I fear.

"Jim Jones, who was acquainted with my father, came thirty miles to visit us. He went to our Sunday services and said of them, 'That good preach; beat Bill Poke.'

"At the time the strip opened, there were a number of campers just across the road from us, among them the famous Dr. Rattlehead. He was old and feeble, and we invited him to come to the house; he staid with us three days, and we found him very interesting. He was a graduate of a college and an old Union soldier, one of the few remaining Mohawks.

"He said: 'At the time of the opening of Oklahoma, I stood on the streets of Guthrie and extracted teeth by the quart.'"

Letters from Chinook Wind and Dimple are put on file for use next week.

All communications for this department should be addressed to The Blade, Toledo, O., "M. G. R."

Uncle Sam's Daughter, Mo.:—"It was very rainy and slushy this morning, but nevertheless I poked around after an umbrella, donned a pair of overshoes, and started for the Merry Go Round. Forlornly struggling along with my umbrella, pocketbook and packages, I valiantly endeavored to keep my dress out of the mud, and then began to wonder if it would not feel pretty comfortable to wear bloomers on a rainy day. As I walked along I noticed two gentlemen (handsome ones) across the street, who seemed to take the rain as a huge joke, sailing along under an immense umbrella, with their pants tucked up around the bottom.

"Presently I discovered that the subject of bloomers was being discussed and ridiculed by them, and then, to my dismay, I recognized them as M. G. R.'s. I could not help overhearing their conversation, one said he had never seen a lady in bloomers, but he had seen pictures of them and that was enough! The other declared he had no respect for any lady that would wear them, etc., etc.

"At that moment I noticed two ladies crossing the street, clutching wildly at their clothes, 'oh my-ing,' and oh-dearing' their way across, and finally emerging from the mud with a row of very fancy passementerie around the bottom of their dress skirts; and as I looked, I mentally queried whether they could have presented a sorrier spectacle in bloomers and—but those gentlemen suddenly changed the subject, and I went home to put on a short skirt and here I am. How do you like?"

All communications for this department should be addressed to The Blade, Toledo, O., "M. G. R."

A VALENTINE.

Let others wonder what fair face
Upon their path shall shine,
And fathom half, half hoping trace
Some maiden shape of tenderest grace
To be their Valentine.

Let other hearts with tremor sweet
One secret wish enshrine,
That Fate may lead their happy feet
Fair Julia in the land to meet
To be their Valentine.

But I, far happier, am secure;
I know the eyes benign,
The face more beautiful and pure
That Fancy's fairest portraiture
That mark my Valentine.

More than when first I single thee,
This only prayer is mine—
That, in the years I yet shall see,
As, darling, in the past, thou'lt be
My happy Valentine.

—James Russell Lowell.

LITTLE MR. BY-AND-BY

Little Mr. By-and-By,
You will mark him by his cry,
And the way he loiters when
Called again and yet again,
Glum if he must leave his play
Though all time be holiday.

Little Mr. By-and-By,
Eyes cast down and mouth awry,
In the mountains of the moon
He is known as Sooth Sooth Soon
And he's cousin to Don't Care,
As no doubt you're well aware.

Little Mr. By-and-By
Always has a fretful "Why?"
When he's asked to come or go;
Like his sister—Susan Slow.
Hope we'll never—you nor I—
Be like Mr. By-and-By.

—Clinton Scollard in the February St. Nicholas.

FREDDY.

The Little Deaf and Dumb Boy Learning to Speak.

Very many readers of this paper are interested in Helen Kellar and the kind teacher who has taught her so much, who accompanied her to the wonderful World's Fair at Chicago, and who continues to watch over the unfolding of the mind, as one would watch the unfolding of a beautiful flower, of this remarkable little girl. In Ohio, not far from Cincinnati, lives a little boy named Freddy. He was born deaf and dumb, and is now only 4 years old. Three little sisters came to his home before he did, but they only visited with their earthly father and mother, and when they went away the blinds were drawn down, and many, many tears were shed.

For three years the lonely father and mother traveled over the world trying to find some rest or comfort, but when they saw little laughing, happy children wherever they went their hearts were still more sad.

At last one beautiful morning when birds were singing and the roses were in bloom a tiny little creature, almost a fairy it was so small, came and rested in the carved oaken cradle where baby Mary had last slept. Then there was great joy and all their friends were bidden to see the great treasure—the baby boy! He was so lovely in form and feature that his parents were afraid they could not keep him. The very thought that he might go away filled their hearts with deep sorrow. A skillful nurse was hired to care for him, and every want anticipated.

When he smiled up at them with his large, dark blue eyes they prayed that they might not love him too much, and that they might have wisdom to teach him all good and beautiful things.

But ah! one day a heavy blow fell upon their hearts. They almost felt sorry that Freddy had come to a world so full of beauty, and song, and brightness, for their dear little boy had been born both deaf and dumb.

They knew not why this new trouble had been sent to them; still they must bear it patiently and make Freddy's life a happy and useful one if they could. While they were loving Freddy and pitying him so much—too much I fear—Freddy was getting naughty, self-willed ways and would kick and bite his nurse and his mamma when everything could not be exact

News of the Week.

The Blade is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

54TH CONGRESS—FIRST SESSION

Washington, Feb. 11.—In the Senate today the bill for the purchase and distribution of seeds for the year 1896, which has been discussed for several days, was finally brought to a vote and passed, but not until after some further severe criticism on the secretary of agriculture. The urgent deficiency bill was taken up and gave rise to several hours' discussion—one of the points discussed being the civil service. Senator Blanchard (La.) made a speech on the subject of the Monroe doctrine. He argued that it was the right and the duty of Congress to give legislative construction and recognition to that doctrine.

In the House, the committee on affairs of the District of Columbia had an opportunity to-day to clear the calendar of measure reported by its members. Under the leadership of Chairman Babcock (Rep., Wis.) the House passed the following bills:

To incorporate the National University (an old institution); to extend the time within which the Maryland and Washington railroad (the new electric line joining Baltimore and Washington) may be completed; to regulate the issue of licenses to billiard and pool rooms; to reorganize the fire before the metropolitan fire and police boards; to authorize the reassessment of water main taxes, after being declared illegal by the district courts; to incorporate and regulate medical colleges; to regulate the practice of medicine and surgery.

The remainder of the session was devoted to the further discussion of the bond silver coinage.

A resolution was reported from the committee on rivers and harbors, by Mr. Hooker (Rep., N. Y.) and agreed to, calling upon the secretary of war for information in his possession as to the cost and best plan for constructing works at the outlet of Niagara river which will tend to raise the level of water in the great lakes, the subsidence of which is now about five feet below the normal level.

Washington, Feb. 12.—Mr. Morrill, chairman of the finance committee, gave notice of a motion to take up the tariff bill.

Mr. Vest secured the adoption of a resolution calling on the secretary of agriculture to report what recent changes had been made in the quarantine line against cattle coming north from Texas. Mr. Peffer (Pop., Kan.) came forward with a lengthy resolution proposing a Senate investigation of the circumstances of all recent bond issues. Among the favorable reports presented was one on Mr. Hale's bill making February 12 (Lincoln's birthday) a national holiday.

The debate on the free silver substitute for the House bond bill was resumed in the House.

Mr. Underwood (Dem., Ala.) and Mr. Cox (Dem., Tenn.) spoke in favor of concurrence in the Senate substitute, and Mr. Brumm (Rep., Pa.) in favor of the coinage of the American product. Mr. Cannon (Rep., Ill.) presented a Senate joint resolution appropriating $75,000 for the purpose of making a joint survey, together with Great Britain, of the boundary line between Alaska and British territory. Adopted. The House then resumed consideration of the bond silver bill. Mr. Dolliver (Rep., Ia.) took the floor in opposition to the free coinage proposition.

Washington, Feb. 13.—After nearly two weeks of continuous debate, the House this afternoon, in committee of the whole, by a vote of 190 to 80, recommended to the House proper, non-concurrence in the Senate free coinage amendment to the House bill providing additional revenue for the government, the issue of bonds to protect and maintain the gold reserve and the sale of treasury certificates to meet temporary deficiencies in revenue.

In the course of the consideration of the bill, under the five-minute rule, which lasted from 12 to 4 o'clock, the following proposed amendments were lost by the votes stated:

By Mr. Long (Rep., Kan.) to coin the product of the mines of the United States only—118 to 41.

By Mr. Brumm (Rep., Pa.) providing that whenever the commercial ratio of the two metals shall vary from the coinage ratio, the seigniorage shall be retained by the government—85 to 79.

By Mr. Towne (Rep., Minn.) committing the United States to the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 15½ to 1, whenever Germany and France open their mints for the same purpose—146 to 52.

The report of the committee on elections No. 2, upon the contest of Van Horn vs. Tarsney, from the Fifth Missouri district, in favor of Mr. Van Horn was presented by Chairman Johnson.

The Senate to-day refused by a vote of 29 to 21 to take up the House tariff bill, with the free coinage substitute, and that measure continues to remain on the Vice-President's desk. The motion had the support of none but Republicans, the Democrats voting solidly against it together with four Populists—Messrs. Allen, of Nebraska; Butler, of North Carolina; Jones, of Nevada, and Peffer, of Kansas—and three Republicans—Messrs. Carter, Montana; Dubois, Idaho, and Teller, of Colorado.

The urgent deficiency bill carrying appropriations to the amount of about $6,000,000 was passed, and the military appropriation bill was taken up and is now the unfinished business.

The resolution of Mr. Allen (Pop., Neb.) calling on the interior department for a great mass of information touching the past history and present status of the Union Pacific Railroad company, gave rise to some discussion, and was eventually modified so as to instruct the Pacific railroad commissioners to furnish the information; and that committee was also authorized to examine the witnesses who came before it under oath. Adjourned till Monday.

Washington, Feb. 14.—By a vote of 215 to 90 the House to-day, after debating the matter for almost two weeks, decided that it would not concur in the Senate's free silver coinage substitute for the bill of the House authorizing bond sales to maintain the gold reserve, sales of treasury certificates to meet temporary deficiencies in revenue and providing additional revenue for the treasury. The vote is given in detail elsewhere. The Senate was not in session.

Washington, Feb. 17.—The speech of Senator Davis, of Minnesota, supporting the resolution of which he is the author, enunciating the policy of the United States on the Monroe doctrine, was the event of today in the Senate. Mr. Davis spoke for two hours and was accorded close attention throughout. He spoke with gratification of the reports coming from across the Atlantic that a settlement of Venezuelan trouble was likely to be effected, yet the Senator declared with emphasis that the American people would never endorse a settlement based on concession of any feature of the Monroe doctrine. While minimizing the possibilities of war, the Senator said that a firm and explicit announcement of our policy to resist European encroachments would give the surest guarantee of peace.

The rest of the day was given to the military academy appropriation bill, which was under discussion when the Senate adjourned.

The proposition of Mr. Vilas to increase the cadet appointments by two from each state, an aggregate of 90, brought out much debate, the prevailing sentiment being favorable to the increase.

A resolution by Mr. Allen (Pop., Neb.) was adopted calling on the Secretary of the Treasury for information as to the amount of money, including the gold reserve in the treasury on March 4, 1889, and March 4, 1893, respectively; whether there was a decrease of revenue between those dates, and the causes therefor.

Another resolution by Mr. Morgan was adopted calling on the Secretary of the Treasury for all reports during the year concerning the condition of the fur seals in Behring sea.

Mr. Mitchell (Rep., Ore.) presented the report on the Dupont contested election case, and gave notice that he would call it up for action at the earliest day possible. Mr. Palmer (Dem., Ill.) announced that Mr. Purple (Dem., Ind.) would present a minority report at a later day.

A message from the house of representatives announced that disagreement of that body on the Senate silver substitute to the bond bill. No action was taken as to a conference.

In the House a resolution was adopted calling on the Secretary of the Treasury for an exhaustive report relative to the sale of bonds under the resumption act between the two periods between 1879 and March 1, 1853, and between the latter date and January 1, 1886.

The house then went into committee of the whole and resumed the consideration of the agricultural appropriation bill under the five-minute rule.

Amendments were adopted as follows: On motion of Mr. Doolittle (Rep. Wash.), directing the secretary of agriculture to distribute fibre flaxseed in the state of Washington, and on motion of Mr. Long (Rep. Kas.) appropriating $15,000 for continuing the investigation of modes of irrigation. At 5 o'clock the House adjourned.

AMERICAN NEEDLES.

The First Factory in the Country at Chicago.

Chicago, Feb. 13.—A needle manufactory, the first in the United States, is soon to be started here, the needles to be made by a machine (the first of its kind) invented by Eugene Fontaine, of Detroit. Repeated tests have demonstrated its practicability, and it will turn out 2,500 needles an hour. They can be sold for 50 cents a thousand, as against $2.20 for English and 75 cents for German needles. The wire is kept on a spindle, and is fed into the machine by the convolvement revolution of the spindle.

Third District Illinois Delegates.

Chicago, Feb. 15.—The Republicans of the Third Illinois district last night renominated Hugh R. Belknap for Congress. E. R. Brainerd and George Schneider were selected as delegates to the national convention. They go uninstructed, and at present, so far as known, have no pronounced leaning.

THE PEARL BRYAN MURDER.

Jackson and Walling Jointly Committed the Deed.

Cincinnati, O., Feb. 12.—Coroner Tingley's jury rendered a verdict in the inquest held over the body of Pearl Bryan. The findings of the jury are:

First, That the dead body found on the farm of John Locke, near Fort Thomas, Feb. 1st, is the body of Pearl Bryan, late of Greencastle, Ind.

Second, That cocaine had been administered to the woman.

Third, That the decapitation had taken place while the woman was still alive, and at the place where the body was found.

Fourth, That Pearl Bryan, Scott Jackson and Alonzo H. Walling were last seen together at 6 o'clock on Friday evening, Jan. 31st, entering a cab together at George and Plum streets, Cincinnati, and that the cab was driven south in the direction of Fort Thomas.

From these findings the coroner holds Scott Jackson and Alonzo H. Walling accountable for the death of Pearl Bryan.

They Are Indicted.

Cincinnati, O., Feb. 13.—The grand jury of Campbell county, Kentucky, sitting in Newport this morning, reported to Judge Perkins indictments against Scott Jackson and Alonzo M. Walling for the willful murder of Pearl Bryan.

When the patrol wagon drove to the jail door on Sycamore street this morning to take Jackson and Walling to the police

PEARL BRYAN.
From a Picture Furnished by Her Family.

court there was a curious crowd on the sidewalk to catch such glimpse of the prisoners as could be had as they mounted the stairway from the jail door to the sidewalk and crossed the walk to the wagon. Both were handcuffed but they entered into no conversation as they met for the first time for several days. They were driven quietly to the city hall and were placed in the cells until they should be called for their hearings.

It was a long time before the prisoners were brought up for the examination and the process was very brief. They both waived examination and were ordered to be committed to jail without bond on the charge of being fugitives from justice and the case was continued until Feb. 18.

Sheriff Plummer, of Newport, will at once apply to the governor for a requisition for the prisoners.

The Driver Found.

Cincinnati, O., Feb. 17.—The cabman who drove Pearl Bryan to her doom has been found.

His name is George H. Jackson, and he is a coachman for a Mount Auburn family. Jackson is a colored man, and is the commanding officer of the Caldwell Guards, a colored military company which has its headquarters at No. 1

ALONZO M. WALLING.

Smith court. He told his story Saturday evening to Patrolman Ed. Swain, of the Eighth district, and then was taken to the police station, where he repeated his experience with the two dental students and Pearl Bryan on the fatal Friday night. He told his story in a straightforward manner. Jackson repeated his story three times, during which he did not contradict himself once. He drove Jackson and Walling up to Fort Thomas, and then ran away when he surmised something wrong was being enacted.

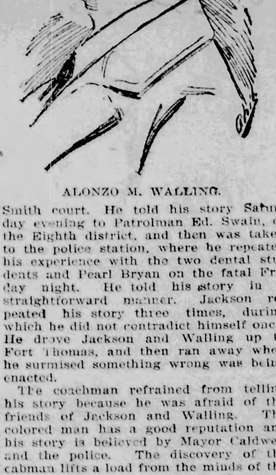
The coachman refrained from telling his story because he was afraid of the friends of Jackson and Walling. The colored man has a good reputation and his story is believed by Mayor Caldwell and the police. The discovery of the cabman lifts a load from the minds of the police, and every one else, for that matter, and brings the dental students one step nearer the gallows.

Special circumstances that give weight to the testimony of George H. Jackson, the negro who drove the surrey to Fort Thomas is the high name he bears among all his employers.

Major W. S. Widdeking, of McGregor avenue, the negroe's present employer, says that Jackson is competent, trustworthy and efficient as an employe and as a member of Zion colored Baptist church, and a man of more than ordinary intelligence.

Surrey and Horse Found.

Cincinnati, Feb. 17.—Detectives Sunday found the surrey and gray horse used by Jackson and Walling, at Mullen's stables on Walnut Hills. The colored driver identified the horse and surrey. The surrey still had the blood-stains over its seat. A bloody lead pencil was found in the bottom of the surrey.



LULU HOLLINGSWORTH.

Identifies the Men.

The examination of twenty or thirty men in a semicircle at the jail Saturday night by the colored man Jackson was dramatic in the extreme. Walling stood near one extremity of the arc. The negro Jackson began his inspection at Walling's end of the line. He examined every one, man by man, till he got to the end of the line. Then he turned, walked briskly back, and halted in front of Walling. Viewing Walling all around, like a man examining a horse he was about to buy, he said, "That is the man who sat on the seat with me." There would have been an outburst of cheers had not the proprieties of the place and the occasion forbidden.

Jackson was identified as to size and partially as to the sound of his voice. The negro's extreme caution gives force to his evidence. He said: "I don't want to make any mistake," and then he took his time in making the examination.

The Indianapolis Girl Who Talks Too Much.

The detectives to-day learned that Pearl Bryan was kept at the Herman Hotel in Newport on the night previous to her murder. After finding the driver and the surrey used by Jackson and Walling in taking their victim from Cincinnati to the Kentucky highlands for decapitation, the officers to-day are working in Newport. They have now a complete chain of evidence against Jackson and Walling from the time Pearl Bryan came here from Greencastle, Ind., Monday, Jan. 27, till Friday night, Jan. 31, when she was murdered in a secluded spot between Fort Thomas and Newport, Ky.

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY.

McKinley Spoke in Chicago and Senator Foraker in New York.

Chicago, Feb. 13.—When William McKinley arose to speak last night at the banquet in the Auditorium given by the Marquette club in commemoration of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, 1,500 men cheered the Ohioan with great enthusiasm. They got upon chairs, and the air was filled with the flutter of handkerchiefs and vibrating with the tumult of voices.

It was the tenth annual banquet given by the club, and it was intended there would be 1,200 guests.

Among those at the speakers' table besides Mr. McKinley were the governor of Wisconsin and the Republican Senators from Nebraska, North Carolina and Maryland. At every reference to the name of McKinley or the word "protection," outbursts of enthusiasm followed.

The guest of honor was Mr. McKinley. He spoke to the toast "Abraham Lincoln."

After giving a comprehensive sketch and tribute to Lincoln, in which allusion is made to the principal events in his life, Major McKinley devoted himself to a consideration of current political questions, as exemplified by the speeches and writings of Mr. Lincoln. He said:

Witnessing the government as we do to-day, with its debt-increasing, bond-issuing, gold-depleting, labor-destroying, low-tariff policy, with what mighty force the words of Lincoln, written more than half a century ago, come to us in this hour and emergency! They read as if written for the living present, not for the past. Why, do you know, that as far back as March 1, 1843, at a Whig meeting in Springfield, Mr. Lincoln offered a series of resolutions relating to the tariff, which could well be accepted here to-night? They were then instantly and unanimously adopted, and Mr. Lincoln was himself appointed to prepare an address to the people of the state upon the subjects which they embraced. Let me read from this address his profound observations upon tariff and taxation and their relation to the condition of the country.

"The first of our resolutions," said Mr. Lincoln, "declares a tariff of duties upon foreign importations, producing sufficient revenue for the support of the general government, and so adjusted as to protect American industry, to be indispensably necessary to the prosperity of the American people; and the second declares direct taxation for a national revenue to be improper.

"For several years past the revenues of the government have been unequal to its expenditures, and consequently loan after loan, sometimes direct and sometimes indirect in form, has been resorted to. By this means a new national debt has been created, and is still growing on us with a rapidity fearful to contemplate—a rapidity only reasonably to be expected in time of war. This state of things has been produced by a prevailing unwillingness either to increase the tariff or to resort to direct taxation. But tax one or the other must come. Coming expenditures must be met, and the present debt must be paid; and money can not always be borrowed for these objects. The system of loans is but temporary in its nature, and must soon explode. It is a system not only ruinous while it lasts, but one that must soon fall and leave us destitute. As an individual who undertakes to live by borrowing soon finds his original means devoured by interest, and, next, no one left to borrow from, so must it be with the government.

"We repeat, then, that a tariff sufficient for revenue, or a direct tax, must soon be resorted to, and, indeed, we believe this alternative is now dealed by no one. But which system shall be adopted? Some of our opponents, in theory, admit the propriety of a tariff sufficient for a revenue; but even they will not in practice vote for such a tariff; while others boldly advocate direct taxation. Inasmuch, therefore, as some of them boldly advocate direct taxation, and all the rest or so nearly so as to make exceptions needless—refuse to adopt the tariff, we think it doing them no injustice to class them all as advocates of direct taxation. Indeed, we believe they are only delaying an open avowal of the system, till they can assure themselves that the people will tolerate it. Let us then briefly compare the two systems. The tariff is the cheaper system because the duties, being collected in large parcels at a few commercial points, will require comparatively few officers in their collection; while with the direct tax system the land must be literally covered with assessors and collectors, going forth like swarms of Egyptian locusts, devouring every blade of grass and other green thing.

"By this system (the protective) the man who contents himself to live upon the products of his own country pays nothing at all. Surely our country is extensive enough and its products abundant and varied enough, to answer all the real wants of its people. In short, by the protective system the burden of revenue falls almost entirely upon the wealthy and luxurious, while the substantial and laboring many who live at home, and upon home products, go entirely free.

"But the direct system none can escape. However strictly the citizen may exclude from his premises all foreign luxuries—fine cloths, fine silks, rich wines, golden chains and diamond rings—still, for the possession of his house, his barn, and his homespun, he is to be perpetually haunted and harrassed by the tax-gatherer. With these views we leave it to be determined whether we or our opponents are the more truly democratic on the subject.

"Perhaps it is not strictly accidental that these views of Mr. Lincoln found almost literal expression in the Republican National platform of 1860. Nor is it strange that this year, as in 1860, no chart is needed to mark the Republican position upon this great economic question. The whole world knew a year in advance of its utterance what the Republican platform of 1860 would be, and the whole world knows now, and has known for a year past, what the Republican platform of 1896 will be.

"Then the battle was to arrest the spread of slave labor in America; now it is to prevent the increase of ill-paid and degraded free labor in America. The platform of 1896, I say, is already written—written in the hearts and at the homes of the masses of our country-men. It has been thought out around hundreds of thousands of American firesides—literally wrought out, by the new conditions and harsh experiences of the past three years.

"Now let me read the Lincoln platform on the tariff, adopted on May 17, 1860, by the second Republican National convention, and I submit whether it does not express the sentiments of the great majority of the people of Illinois, and of the whole country, even better to-day than it did then. Here is what it said:

"Resolved, That, while providing revenue for the support of the general government by duties on imports, sound policy requires such an adjustment of these imports as to encourage the development of the industrial interests of the whole country; and we commend that policy of national exchanges which secures to the workingmen liberal wages, to agriculture remunerative prices, to mechanics and manufacturers an adequate reward for their skill, labor and enterprise, and to the nation commercial prosperity and independence."

"Better protection no Republican could ask or desire; and poorer none should advocate or accept. We are faithfully wedded to the great principle of protection by every honest party fealty and affection, and it is dearer to us now than ever before. Not only is it dearer to us as Republicans, but it has more devoted supporters among the great masses of the American people, irrespective of party, than at any previous period in our history. It is everywhere recognized and endorsed as the great, masterful, triumphant American principle—the key to our prosperity in business, the safest prop to the treasury of the United States, and the bulwark of our national independence and financial honor.

"The question of the continuance or abandonment of our protective system has become one great, overshadowing, vital question in American politics ever since Mr. Cleveland opened the contest in December, 1877, to which the lamented James G. Blaine made swift reply from across the sea, and it will continue the issue until a truly American policy for the good of America, is firmly established and perpetuated. The fight will go on, and must go on, until the American system is everywhere recognized, until all nations come to understand and respect it as different, and all Americans come to honor or love it as dearly, as they do the American flag. God grant the day may soon come when all partisan contention over it is forever at an end!

No one need be in any doubt about what the Republican party stands for. Its own history makes that too palpable and clear to admit of doubt. It stands for a reunited and recreated nation, based upon free and honest elections in every township, county, city, district and state in this great American union. It stands for the American fireside, and the flag of the nation. It stands for the American farm, the American factory and the prosperity of all the American people. It stands for a reciprocity that reciprocates and which does not yield up to another country a single day's labor that belongs to the American workingman. It stands for international agreements which get as much as they give, upon terms of mutual advantage. It stands for an exchange of our surplus home products for such foreign products as we consume but do not produce. It stands for the reciprocity of Blaine; for the reciprocity of Harrison; for the restoration and extension of the principle embodied in the reciprocity provision of the Republican tariff of 1890. It stands for a foreign policy dictated by and imbued with a spirit that is genuinely American; for a policy that will revive the national traditions, and restore the national spirit which carried us proudly through the earlier years of the century. It stands for such a policy with all foreign nations as will insure both its and them honor, substantial profit, fairness, good faith, dignity and honor. It stands for the Monroe doctrine as Monroe himself proclaimed it, about which there is no division whatever among the American people. It stands now, as ever, for honest money, and a chance to earn it by honest toil. It stands for a currency of gold, silver and paper with which to measure our exchanges, that shall be as sound as the government, and as untarnished as its honor. The Republican party would as soon think of lowering the flag of our country as to contemplate with patience or without protest and opposition any attempt to degrade or corrupt the medium of exchanges among the people. It can be relied upon in the future, as in the past, to supply the country with the best money ever known, gold, silver and paper, good the world over. It stands for a commercial policy that will whiten every sea with the sails of American vessels, bring the American flag, and that will protect that flag wherever it floats. It stands for a system which will give to the United States the balance of trade with every competing nation in the world. It is for a fiscal policy opposed to debts and deficiencies in time of peace, and favors the return of the government to a debt-paying, and opposes the continuance of a debt-making, policy.

Cincinnati, O., Feb. 18.—Walling and Jackson, the accused murderers of Pearl Bryan, were taken from the jail early this morning for a hearing in the police court on the charge of being fugitives from justice.

The third appearance of Jackson and Walling in the police court served to crowd the corridors leading to the court room with a jostling, curious assembly of men and women. Ample guards were placed, however, so that no one got into the court room who did not have a right to be there. When the cases were called the prisoners promptly appeared from the cell room below with no unusual signs showing any change in their bearing. They were required to remain not more than a half minute, for counsel had agreed to continue the hearing until Feb. 27. As soon as the order was announced by the judge, the prisoners were safely returned to the jail, the wagon being followed by a few over-curious boys.

Columbus, O., Feb. 18.—Sheriff Plummer, of Newport, Ky., appeared before the governor this morning requesting the extradition of Jackson and Walling, the men now under arrest in Cincinnati accused of the murder of Pearl Bryan. The other side was not represented, and Gov. Bushnell has not yet taken any action in the matter. It is understood that he intends to let the case rest in abeyance for a time.

THE FARMERS.

Their Unhappy Condition Portrayed by Mr. Brigham.

Cleveland, O., Feb. 14.—J. H. Brigham, of Delta, O., master of the National Farmers' Grange, who is now in this city, speaking of the general condition of the farmers, says:

"Over the entire country there seems to be a common suffering among farmers and also a very unequal yield of crops. In some parts of the country the crops have been heavy, but in other sections farmers have been particularly unfortunate. Prices are lower this year than they have ever been. The suffering among farmers all over the country is a great deal worse this year than it has been for years. Prices are lower than they were during the panic of 1893 and 1894. Oats, hay, corn and potatoes are not selling for over half the price that was secured last year. The farmer who was fortunate enough to have a large crops is not in an enviable position, and the farmer who suffered by small crops is worse off. Their general condition is not encouraging, and I cannot see any indication of future prosperity until some beneficent action is taken by the government on tariff and monetary questions.

PHILADELPHIA'S FIRE.

Loss of Half a Million and Three Hundred Men Out of Work.

Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 17.—The big soap, lye and coffee essence manufactory of P. C. Tomson & Co., 953, 955 and 957 Otsego street, was totally destroyed by fire this morning. The dwelling houses Nos. 31, 33 and 35 Washington avenue, adjoining Tomson's factory were completely gutted and the works of the Philadelphia Cooperage Co., badly damaged. The total loss will be about $475,000.

P. C. Tomson & Co.'s loss is about $460,000; $225,000 on the building, $100,000 on stock, and $75,000 on the machinery.

The firemen fought the fire under great difficulties, as the weather was bitterly cold and the water formed huge cakes of ice on everything it touched. Three hundred hands are thrown out of employment.

THE KENTUCKY SENATORSHIP.

Louisville, Ky., Feb. 17.—A special to the Post from Frankfort, says:

The roll call for the twenty-fourth Senatorial ballot showed the smallest attendance of the session, only 196 members being present; necessary to a choice fifty-four.

The expected addition to the anti-Hunter vote did not materialize. The ballot resulted: Blackburn, 49; Hunter, 48; Holt, 3; Carlisle, 3; McCreary, 1; Cochran, 1; Bate, 1.

No attempt was made to take an additional ballot.

HARRISON'S RELATIVES.

Are All Reconciled to His Marriage to Mrs. Dimmick.

Ottumwa, Ia., Feb. 12.—T. J. Devin, a brother-in-law of ex-President Harrison said yesterday that there was no objection by members of Gen. Harrison's family to his marriage to Mrs. Dimmick. Mrs. McKee at first objected, but is reconciled.

Mr. Devins states that Gen. Harrison though friendly to all candidates is particularly friendly to Allison, and that Harrison, Michener and New will see to it that Indiana gives a part of its vote to Allison.

IN NEW YORK.

Senator Foraker Spoke at the Republican Club.

New York, Feb. 13.—The tenth annual Lincoln dinner of the Republican club was held at Delmonico's last night, and was one of the most notable events held in honor of the martyr President. Covers for 250 were set in the banquet hall, which was handsomely decorated with the national ensign and a large portrait of Abraham Lincoln.

Senator-elect J. B. Foraker responded to the toast, "The Republican Party."

Washington—The President sent to Senate papers in claim of Thomas W. Sparrow, N. B. Nolan et al. against the government of Peru.

THE ST. LOUIS NOMINATION.

New York Herald's View of the Great Struggle.

New York, Feb. 17.—Concerning the contest now being made by Republican leaders to secure the nomination for the Presidency, the New York Herald Sunday said:

In St. Louis, on June 16, will be waged the fiercest fight that the delegates to a Republican nominating convention have ever engaged in. The prophet who boxes the Republican Presidential compass must remember that the needle may point finally in one of eighteen directions, but with only four points among the probabilities. These four are:

William McKinley.
William B. Allison.
Levi P. Morton.
Thomas B. Reed.

The fourteen who are considered in the light of possibilities—the majority of them given but a complimentary consideration, however—are: Benjamin Harrison, Shelby M. Cullom, Russell A. Alger, Robert T. Lincoln, Matthew S. Quay, Joseph B. Foraker, John Sherman, William O. Bradley, Henry M. Teller, Stephen B. Elkins, Cushman K. Davis, James S. Clarkson, Charles F. Manderson and John H. Spooner.

The main efforts of the Presidential managers outside of Ohio are directed against Major McKinley. If they can keep him from being nominated on the first ballot or coming so close to it as to stampede the timid ones into climbing head over heels into the protection Napoleon's band wagon, then they hope to draw constantly from his strength, and to nominate either Gov. Morton or Senator Allison; perhaps Mr. Lincoln, Senator Quay or Senator-elect Foraker. The situation is Speaker Reed and the field against Major McKinley, and the field against each other. The situation that nearest approaches a combination is the understanding between Thomas C. Platt, Matthew S. Quay and James S. Clarkson. Mr. Platt is for Gov. Morton, Mr. Clarkson is managing Senator Allison's campaign and Senator Quay is for the candidate who, excepting Major McKinley, they finally believe is the most likely to be nominated.

Major McKinley at present is far in the lead. He is almost certain to receive at least 269 votes on the first ballot. Speaker Reed will come next with 182. Senator Allison will have 139 and Governor Morton 121. According to a member of the national committee, who is actively engaged in the Presidential canvass, this is the relative strength of the candidates.

Figures on the First Ballot.

The division on first ballot will be about as follows:

STATES.	McKinley.	Reed.	Morton.	Allison.	Lincoln.	Alger.	Harris.	Bradley.	Quay.	Colom.
Alabama	12	2	3	5						
Arkansas	16									
California	7	7		4						
Colorado		3		5						
Conn's		8								
Delaware		6								
Florida	4		2						2	
Georgia	11	3	4	8						
Idaho	2	2								
Illinois										
Indiana	17	3	3	7						
Iowa										
Kansas	5	4	3	6						
Kentucky										
Louisiana	4	4	4	4						
Maine		52								
Maryland	8			8						
Massachusetts		30								
Michigan										
Minnesota										
Mississippi	11			7						
Missouri	12	4	4	14						
Montana				6						
Nebraska	10									
Nevada	2		2							
New Hamp.										
New Jersey	4	4	10							
New York			72							
N. Carolina	14	8								
N. Dakota	3		3							
Ohio	46									
Oregon	8									
Pennsylv'a										64
Rhode Isl'd	8									
S. Carolina	9	5	2							
S. Dakota	3	1		1						
Tennessee	3	2	2	14						
Texas	14	9	7							
Vermont		5								
Virginia	8	6	6	6						
Washington	8									
W. Virginia	6			8						
Wisconsin	10	8								
Wyoming	2	2	2							
Utah	2									
Arizona		3								
New Mexico		3								
Oklahoma		3								
Alaska	1	1		1						
Indian Ter.	2			1						
Total	269	182	121	139	14	28	18	28	63	64

FOREIGN.

NEWSPAPER COMMENT.

English Press Expresses Desire to Be Cordial With Us.

London, Feb. 12.—The Times this morning says:

The speeches in both houses of Parliament are a substantial proof of the earnest desire of the English people to maintain cordial relations with America.

An editorial in the Standard expresses the similar view that Lord Rosebery's and Sir William Vernon-Harcourt's admirably conceived expressions will allay whatever remains of the ruffled sentiment in America in regard to the Monroe doctrine.

The Chronicle in its editorial columns this morning claims the credit for the conversion of England to arbitration and says: The speeches in Parliament show that we have reached the point where a solution is a certainty. The Schomburgk line is as defunct as the boundaries of Wessex.

FORMOSA CANNIBALS.

Hideous Feasts Indulged in by Chinese Rebels.

Victoria, B. C., Feb. 12.—Dreadful stories come from Yokohama of the treatment of Japanese by Formosa rebels, some correspondents going so far as to say that the Chinese practise cannibalism. Early in January the rebels took possession of the village of Kelung. A detachment of Japanese was sent to attack the place, and after considerable opposition succeeded in driving the rebels off and entering the village, which was afterwards fired. The correspondent of the Japan Mail, in speaking of the arrival of the Japanese troops in the village, says:

"The troops were horrified at the ghastly spectacle of nineteen bodies of their countrymen beheaded and frightfully mangled. They were railway workmen, who had met death at the hands of the fiends. Many of our readers may not be aware of the cannibalism that exists among the Chinese, although there is probably not a foreigner in Formosa but knows of the eating of portions of the bodies by savages, or are unaware of the markets in Formosan settlements containing human flesh of savages for sale. During the outbreak of 1891 so great was the loss of life that savage flesh was brought in and sold the same as pork in the markets.

"The mutilated bodies of Japanese were found, several of them disemboweled and with their hearts cut out, also minus other parts. Some were found who had been burned at the stake charred bodies with hands and feet still fastened were some of the spectacles the soldiers saw."

VENEZUELA TO ACT.

Will Negotiate to Settle Boundary Dispute With England.

London, Feb. 12.—It is announced from a good source that following the advice of the United States, Venezuela has practically decided to send a representative to London with power to open direct negotiations with the government of boundary dispute between British Guiana and Venezuela.

Great Britain for a settlement of the

FORTY DROWNED.

Steamer Capsized While Crossing the Brisbane River.

Brisbane, Queensland, Feb. 13.—The Brisbane river at this point has been greatly swelled recently owing to the floods. While a small steamer to-day was crossing the river with about 80 passengers on board, she was capsized, and only 40 persons were saved.

ANOTHER REBEL DEFEAT.

Spaniards Routed Them in a Hard Fight.

Havana, Feb. 12.—A dispatch received here from Santa Clara, in the province of that name, from Gen. Oliver, the Spanish commander in that district, announces a serious defeat of insurgents under Serafin Sanchez and Mirabel, the two most important insurgent leaders of the province of Havana.

Reinforcements for Cuba.

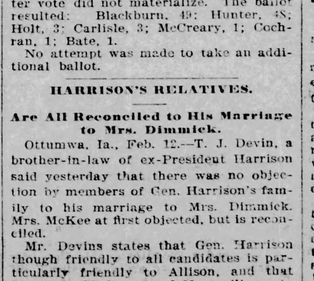
Barcelona, Spain, Feb. 13.—Reinforcements to the number of 1,200 troops sailed for Cuba yesterday, 2,300 men sail to-morrow, and 2,200 additional troops sail for Cuba on Friday.

The insurgents in this province yesterday made a daring attack upon a body of 40 recently mobilized troops who were on their way from San Nicolas to Havana. The insurgents were under the leadership of Perez and Martinez, but they were compelled to retreat when a detachment of the battalion of volunteers of the neighborhood was sent against them. The enemy retreated to Chicaichica.

Near Itaba the insurgents have attacked a train escorted by volunteers of the Cuenca battalion and a few regular soldiers. The insurgents were beaten off with a loss of five killed and a quantity of arms and ammunition. They retired with their wounded. Five soldiers were wounded during the engagement.

To Recognize Ferdinand.

Constantinople, Feb. 12.—The sultan has invited the powers to recognize Prince Ferdinand, of Bulgaria.



Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, then laxatives or other remedies are not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative then one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

The Progress of Medical Science.

CONSUMPTION.

A SCIENTIFIC discussion of this dread disease, its cause, treatment, and cure, by Dr. Robert Hunter, the father of inhalation and most eminent lung specialist of the day. After a period of research extending over half a century, Dr. Hunter explains his perfected discovery of a specific remedy for consumption, and proves its success not only scientifically but through the grateful testimonials of his patients. Dr. Hunter was for forty years the sole advocate of the germ theory of consumption, which is now accepted by the medical profession throughout the world as the only correct theory—thus establishing beyond doubt his superior knowledge of this disease. Readers of The Blade can obtain Dr. Hunter's book explaining his treatment without charge, by addressing him at his residence, 117 West Forty-fifth street, New York.

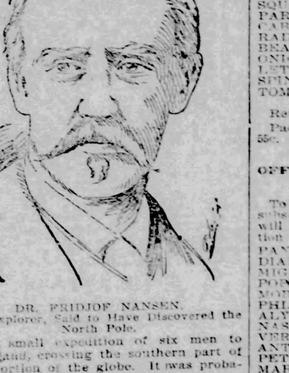
THE NORTH POLE.

Reported That Dr. Nansen Has Reached It.

St. Petersburg, Feb. 13.—A telegraphic dispatch received here to-day from Irkutsk, Siberia, says that a Siberian trader named Kotchnareff, who is the agent of Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, the Norwegian explorer, who sailed in the Fram, June 24, 1893, for the Arctic regions, had received information to the effect that Dr. Nansen has reached the North Pole, has found land there and is now returning towards civilization.

Sketch of the Explorer.

Dr. Fritjof Nansen is a distinguished scientist of Norway, and an enthusiastic believer in the possibility of finding the north pole. He is about 75 years of age. He entered the University of Christiania in 1880, and two years later went on a sealing trip to Denmark Straits, on the east coast of Greenland, in the Viking. Later in 1882, Nansen was appointed curator of the museum at Bergen, which position he retained until 1888, when he



DR. FRIDJOF NANSEN.
The Explorer, Said to Have Discovered the North Pole.

led a small expedition of six men to Greenland, crossing the southern part of that portion of the globe. It was probably during this trip that Nansen conceived the plan of making an attempt to reach the north pole in a vessel constructed specially for such an undertaking. In any case, after his return to Norway, Nansen took the preliminary steps towards fitting out his expedition, and the Fram was planned and constructed. She is generally classed as a three-masted s

WASHINGTON.

SILVER KNOCKED OUT.

Motion to Concur in Senate Free Coinage Amendment Defeated—

Washington, Feb. 15.—The majority against silver in the House yesterday when the final vote was taken on concurrence in the Senate free coinage amendment was larger than that of Thursday in committee of the whole. Then the motion to concur was defeated by a majority of 110; yesterday it was beaten 215 to 90, a majority of 125.

The vote yesterday was a record-making vote, and counting the pairs but 27 out of 356 members were unaccounted for. Perhaps a few absentees dodged but most of them were unavoidably absent and were unable to secure pairs. The silver men who on Thursday predicted a much greater showing of strength were again disappointed. The "sound money" leaders had been disposed to concede the silver forces 100 votes. An analysis of the vote yesterday shows that 184 Republicans and 31 Democrats voted against concurrence, and 58 Democrats, 25 Republicans and 7 Populists for concurrence. The debate which preceded the vote was of an interesting character but devoid of any sensational features. The galleries as usual on a field day in the lower branch of Congress were crowded to the doors, and quite a number of senators, including Palmer (Ill.), Bacon (Ga.), Cockrell (Mo.), and Butler, of North Carolina, sat through the five hour debate. Secretary Herbert was also present. Ex-Speaker Crisp presented the closing argument for the silver men, and was replied to by Mr. Turner, a Democratic colleague from Georgia, in a two hour speech. The personal rivalry between the two leaders of the opposing factions of the Democratic side of the House added to the interest of the occasion. Mr. Dalzell, of Pennsylvania, closed in behalf of the Republicans. The partisans of the respective champions missed no opportunity to acclaim their approval when telling points were made and at the close the honors seemed even.

At the conclusion of Mr. Dalzell's remarks, Mr. Dingley demanded the previous question, which was ordered, whereupon the vote was taken on Mr. Crisp's motion to concur in the Senate free coinage amendment to the House bill. The members who had retired from the hall or were lounging in the cloak rooms came in, resumed their seats and followed the roll call with great interest. The vote resulted 90 to 215. The announcement of the 125 majority against free silver was cheered by the anti-silver forces. The detailed vote was as follows:

Here is the Vote.

Yeas—Abbott, Aitken, Allen (Miss), Allen (Utah), Bailey, Baker (Kas.), Bankhead, Bentman, Bartlett (Ga.), Bell (Colo.), Bell (Tex.), Black (Ga.), Bowers, Broderick, Clardy, Cockrell, Cooper (Tex.), Cox, Crisp, Culberson, Curtis (Kas.), Dearmond, Elmore, Dockery, Doolittle, Downing, Ellis, Gamble, Hartman, Hermann, Hilborn, Hutcheson, Hyde, Johnson (Cal.), Jones, Kem, Kendall, Latimer, Layton, Lester, Linney, Little, Livingston, Lockhart, Loud, Maddox, Maguire, Marsh, McClure, McCulloch, McKenney, McLachlan, McLaurin, McMillin, McRae, Meredith, Money, Morgan, Moses, Neill, Newlands, Ogden, Otey, Pearson, Richardson, Robbins, Robertson (La.), Sayers, Shafroth, Shaw, Sibley, Skinner, Stallings, Stokes, Strait, Strowd, Swanson, Talbert, Tate, Terry, Towne, Tyler, Underwood, Walker (Va.), Wheeler, Williams, Wilson (Idaho), Wilson (S. C.), Woodard, Yoakum—90.

Nays—Acheson, Aldrich, Andrews, Apsley, Arnold (R. I.), Atwood, Avery, Babcock, Baker (Md.), Baker (N. H.), Barnes, Barth oldt, Bartlett (N. Y.), Beach, Bennett, Berry, Bingham, Bishop, Blue, Boatner, Boutelle, Brewster, Bromwell, Brosius, Brown, Bunn, Bull, Burrell, Burton (Mo.), Burton (O.), Caldwell, Chandler, Cannon, Catchings, Chickering, Clark (Ia.), Clark (Mo.), Cobb (Mo.), Codding, Coffin, Colson, Connolly, Cook (Ill.), Cook (Wis.), Cooper (Fla.), Cooper (Wis.), Corliss, Cousins, Crowther, Crump, Curtis (Iowa), Curtis (N. Y.), Dalzell, Danford, Daniels, Denny, DeVitt, Dingley, Dolliver, Doolittle, Draper, Elliott (S. C.), Erdmann, Evans, Fairchild, Faris, Fenton, Fischer, Fletcher, Fowler, Gardner, Gibson, Gillett (N. Y.), Gillet (Mass.), Grout, Griffin, Grosvenor, Grout, Grow, Hadley, Hager, Hall (Mo.), Halterman, Hardy, Harmer, Harris, Harrison, Hatch, Heatwole, Heiner (Pa.), Hemenway, Henderson, Hendrick, Henry (Conn.), Hepburn, Hicks, Hill (Conn.), Hitt (Ills), Hooker, Hopkins, Howe, Howell, Hubbard, Hulick, Hull, Hunter, Hutchins, Hall (Iowa), Hurley, Jenkins, Johnson (Ind.), Johnson (N. Dak.), Joy, Kerr, Kleber, Knox, Kulp, Lacey, Lawson, Lefever, Leighty, Lehlbach, Lewis, Long, Loudenslager, Low, Mahany, Mahon, McCall (Mass.), McCall (Tenn.), McCleary (Minn.), McClellan, McCormick, McCreary (Ky.), Meyer, Miles, Miller, Minor (W. Va.), Minor (Wis.), Moody, Murphy, Noonan, Northway, Odell, Olin, Overstreet, Owens, Parker, Patterson, Payne, Perkins, Phillips, Pitney, Poole, Pratt, Prince, Quigg, Ray, Reeves, Reyburn, Royse, Rusk, Russell (Ga.), Sauerhering, Scranton, Settle, Shannon, Simpkins, Smith (Ill.), Smith (Mich.), Snover, Sorg, Southard, Southwick, Spalding, Sperry, Stable, Steele, Stephenson, Stewart (N. J.), Stewart (Vt.), Charles W. Stone, William A. Stone, Strode (Neb.), Strong, Sulloway, Selzer, Tatt, Tawney, Tawney, Taylor, Thomas, Tracewell, Tracey, Trehern, Tucker, Turner (Ga.), Turner (Va.), Updegraff, Van Voorhis, Wadsworth, Walker (Mass.), Walsh, Wanger, Warner, Washington, Watson (Ind.), Wellington, Wheeler, White, Wilber, Wilson (Ohio), Wood, Wright—213.

Pairs were announced as follows, the first being in favor and the latter against the Senate amendment:

McDearmond and Woodman, Stallings and Lecompte, Kyle and Russell (Conn.), Pendleton and Hanley, Cobb (Ala.) and Powers, Howard and Eddy, Pickler and Adams.

The House then took a recess until 8 o'clock, the evening session to be devoted to private pension bills.

THE DUPONT CASE.

Report of Committee Declares His Election Legal.

Washington, Feb. 17.—Senator Mitchell, of Oregon, chairman of the committee on privileges and elections to-day presented in the Senate the views of the majority of that committee favoring the seating of Mr. Dupont as Senator from Delaware. The report begins with an account of the proceedings of the Delaware legislature on the 9th of last May, when it is claimed that Mr. Dupont was elected. It shows that in joint assembly the legislature of that state numbers 30 members, 16 of whom constitute a majority, and at the time of the alleged election Hon. William T. Watson, who had been elected a member of the state Senate and also speaker of the Senate, was acting as governor of the state, leaving if he was not entitled to sit as a Senator 29 legislators to constitute the joint assembly and making 15 a majority. It is also shown that Mr. Dupont received 15 votes.

The committee concludes that "The whole question of the right of Mr. Dupont to a seat in the United States Senate, as claimed, turns upon the single question: Had Mr. Watson, then holding and exercising the office of governor of the state of Delaware, a right under the constitution of state and laws of the land to exercise the office of state Senator, and as such to sit in the joint assembly on May 9, 1895, to be counted therein in making up the number constituting such joint assembly and to vote therein for a United States Senator?"

The committee say that Mr. Watson did not have this right, and lay down a number of propositions as the basis for their conclusion.

The committee, therefore, enunciates the declaration that "on May 9, 1895, the date on which Mr. Dupont claims to have been elected, the legislature of the state of Delaware consisted of but 29 members; there were in the joint assembly on that date but 29 members of such legislature entitled to seats in such joint assembly and entitled to be counted and vote therein. As Mr. Dupont received 15 votes, being a majority of the whole number entitled to be cast in such joint assembly, and a majority of all the legal votes cast therein, he was legally elected Senator from the state of Delaware for the full term commencing March 4, 1895, and is entitled to be seated."

The committee also takes the position that "The fact that such election is not certified by the governor of the state in pursuance of the statute on that subject, does not invalidate such election in any respect."

A NEW POLICY

Announced by Secretary Smith to All Indian Reservations.

Washington, Feb. 13.—The secretary of the interior yesterday transmitted to Congress agreements made with the Grosventre and the Assiniboine Indians in the Blackfeet reservation in Montana.

In the letters of transmission, Secretary Hoke Smith formally enunciates a new policy which will be extended to all Indian reservations. He says:

"I am firmly convinced that the better policy in such cases is for the government to take charge of and sell for what they will bring such lands as the Indians do not need, the net proceeds being placed in the treasury of the United States to be expended for their benefit."

PAID IN ANCIENT COIN.

Bonds Paid for in Gold From the Dahlonega Mint.

Washington, Feb. 17.—Five rare coins were received at the Treasury department in payment of a small allotment of the recently issued 4 per cent bonds. They are five $5 gold pieces, dated from 1842 to 1847, and are stamped with a "D," the mark of the old Dahlonega mint in Georgia. This mint was seized by the Confederates at the outbreak of the war in 1861, and gold coin to the amount of $27,000 was confiscated. The five pieces received were bright and new and of full standard weight, showing no sign of wear or abrasion. They have evidently been carefully stored away ever since their issue, and probably never have been in general circulation. It is possible they formed part of the gold confiscated by the Confederates in 1861. Although the Dahlonega mint was in operation from 1838 to 1861 it had a total output of $6,990,000 in gold, few of its coins are in circulation, and the present instalment is the first that has reached the treasury for many years.

FARM PRODUCTS.

Official Figures That Democrats Cannot Hide.

Washington, Feb. 15.—No development since the repeal of the McKinley law has so much astonished the men who attacked it as a comparison just made of its workings in behalf of the farmers with those of the Wilson law. Nor is there any other class of people of such large proportions whose interests are adversely affected by the new law. That the McKinley law was more friendly to the 30,000,000 of people of this country dependent upon agriculture than the Wilson law is will be apparent by an examination of the accompanying table which compares the imports and exports of farm products during the last fiscal year of the McKinley law with the first calendar year of the Wilson law. The last fiscal year of the McKinley law closed less than two months before the repeal of that measure by the enactment of the Wilson law. The first calendar year of the Wilson law began within 16 weeks of its enactment. The treasury statement covering that first full year of the Wilson law is now accessible for the first time, and it is now, for the first time, possible to compare the first yearly statement of the Wilson law's operations with the last yearly statement of the McKinley's law's operations. In all the great articles of farm production, such as wheat, barley, wool, hides, tobacco, meats, flax, breadstuffs, hops, hay, hemp, cotton and others, the importations have largely increased under the new law, while in the same class of articles the exportations under the new law have decreased. These statements, it should be remembered, are based upon official figures furnished by the Treasury Department, covering the years nearly

	McKinley law, Fiscal year.	Wilson law, Calendar year.
Imports of Farm Products.	1894.	1895.
Hides	$ 17,270,637	$ 36,432,980
Wines	13,961,708	15,226,728
Wool	6,781,425	7,229,175
Leather	6,107,478	33,770,159
Cotton manufactured	4,508,359	7,745,092
Rice	3,010,205	5,171,080
Animals	2,464,226	2,955,329
Seeds	2,411,066	3,375,123
Breadstuffs (all)	2,385,095	4,650,450
Provisions (all)	1,981,317	2,88?,733
Flax manufactures	1,797,847	2,1 6,153
Fruits	1,527,845	2,229,022
Cheese	1,247,193	1,471,491
Hay	761,937	2,191,625
Tobacco	761,177	1,681,780
Feathers	725,992	2,033,698
Hops	484,415	847,045
Barley	358,744	5?1,137
Sugar	229,918	1,212,542
Eggs	199,536	219,450
Exports of Farm Products		
Cotton	$210,869,298	$180,890,645
Breadstuffs (all)	106,774,558	125,604,486
Provisions (all)	145,242,273	132,456,843
Flour	69,251,760	59,292,348
Wheat	59,470,041	80,888,547
Lard	40,089,721	37,348,753
Bacon	36,338,357	37,431,944
Animals (all)	35,705,150	34,791,041
Cattle	33,375,092	26,397,701
Corn	30,211,154	27,967,765
Beef	16,699,383	16,522,916
Oil cake and meal	8,237,307	7,351,246
Seeds (all)	7,041,935	1,983,384
Cheese	7,180,232	3,401,117
Distilled spirits	5,676,976	1,087,460
Pork	5,067,773	3,430,155
Clover seed	4,540,822	1,126,618
Hides	3,972,487	2,835,947
Hops	3,814,194	1,741,745
Tallow	2,766,184	1,207,350
Flaxseed	2,420,284	31,076
Barley	1,878,774	1,477,088
Sugar and molasses	2,239,205	1,886,672
Oats	2,027,934	599,835
Vegetables	1,749,004	1,557,467
Hay	890,503	698,934
Broom corn	210,742	179,856
Rye	126,552	724

TELLS THE STORY.

Blade's Figures on McKinley and Wilson Tariffs Tell It All.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 17.—Representative Grosvenor to-day called attention in the House to the statement published in The Blade showing the enormous reduction in agricultural exports and increased imports of farm products since the repeal of the McKinley law. These facts, he said, showed the fallacy of the claim that low tariff rates caused increased exports. The tables published in The Blade showing the imports he will publish in to-morrow's Congressional Record for the information of Congress.

LOSSES TO BUSINESS.

In Six Years Estimated at Thirty-Four Millions.

Washington, Feb. 17.—The Phillips bill for the appointment of a non-partisan commission to collate information and to consider and recommend legislation to meet the problems presented by labor, agriculture and capital, has been reported to the House. Accompanying the bill is a long report which says, among other things, that the commission is designed also to benefit the business man. The disturbed condition of affairs has entailed great loss upon the business community. The loss of $34,000,000 in six years to the employers of labor, as shown in tables presented by the report, is, it says, but a fractional part of that sustained by transporters, merchants and others engaged in business pursuits. Business men have and will continue to suffer great depression in value and increasing losses unless a better adjustment is made. Business men need and business interests require, the report concludes, a just and more satisfactory settlement of differences with those with whom they deal, and upon whose labor and products successful business must depend. The better labor is protected in all its rights, the better will be the security for earnings.

VENEZUELA.

Will Furnish U. S. Commission With Boundary Data.

Washington, Feb. 13.—Through Senor Andrade, its minister here, the government of Venezuela has notified Secretary Olney that it will respond affirmatively to the invitation of the Venezuelan boundary commission to submit all of the evidence in its possession touching the location of the true boundary line.

Senor Andrade also stated that officials of the government of Venezuela are now at work compiling this record, and it would be forwarded to the commission at Washington as soon as possible. Presumably, the Venezuelan government will be represented before the commission by an agent or counsel as suggested in the invitation, as the minister has strongly recommended this course.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Will Supply Information to the Venezuelan Commission.

Washington, Feb. 13.—Ambassador Bayard has briefly informed Secretary Olney by cable that the British government had acceded to the request of the Venezuelan commission to supply all of the information in its possession on the boundary line between Venezuela and British Guiana.

PLEASED THE COMMISSION.

Favorable Response From England and Venezuela.

Washington, Feb. 15.—The Venezuelan commission was hard at work yesterday with all members present. The geological survey, through Mr. Baker, reported that the physical map of the county in dispute, was almost finished.

The commission is highly gratified with the position taken by Great Britain in responding favorably to its request to be supplied with information relative to the location of the boundary line. If by independent inquiry, the commission can become possessed of other facts, so much the better, but as it stands, the response of the two parties ensures a thoroughness for the investigation that it would otherwise be difficult to impart.

ALASKA'S NEED.

Congress Asked to Provide Her With Reindeer.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 18.—The Secretary of the Interior has approved and forwarded to Congress the recommendation of the Commissioner of Education that the sum of $45,000 should be appropriated the present year for the purchase of reindeer, the same to be furnished by the lowest bidder at suitable points on the Alaskan coast. Fifteen hundred to two thousand reindeer would, it is thought, be secured by this sum. Added to the 900 or more deer already in the herd kept at Port Clarence, near Bering Strait, there will be a stock of 2,500 or more. The natural increase of a herd of reindeer, judging from the experience of the last four years in Alaska, amounts to upwards of 50 per cent increase of the entire herd. With three thousand reindeer the annual increase would be at least 1,500, and the bureau of education could distribute in the first year a sufficient number to each missionary station and white settlement to provide herds of from one to two hundred each. Through the efforts of the missionary schools and the government schools, the natives would learn to breed and train the reindeer, and the native population would thus be raised from the savage state of mere hunters and fishermen to the higher condition of nomads or herdsmen. Whereas now intercommunication between the villages in Alaska is very precarious in the winter time, due to the that the dogs that draw sledges have to creep along from village to village in order to procure their necessary food, on the other hand the reindeer can procure his food immediately from the moss under the snow at any point where he is turned loose. The dogs travel at the rate of 35 miles a day, while the reindeer travels 90 miles a day. It would be possible to have communication with all of the settlements scattered through Alaska, once in two weeks during the long winter season.

The main argument used by the Commissioner of Education for this appropriation on the part of Congress is not chiefly the one based on the Christian sentiment of the people, an appeal to prevent starvation, although all missionaries and other authorities report numerous cases of death by starvation. The object of the introduction of reindeer is not to afford a temporary relief by furnishing food to the natives, but rather the transformation of a people from the savage employments of hunting and fishing into a higher grade of civilization that of herdsmen and teamsters. In the condition of herdsmen and teamsters, these people at once come into profitable business relations with the rest of the world. They furnish meats and meat for commerce and they furnish the rapid transportation needed to make safe and prosperous the settlements in that territory.

POLITICS DOWN SOUTH.

McKinley's Strength in Southern and Border States.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 14.—Senator Pritchard's declaration at the Chicago banquet Wednesday night to the effect that with McKinley as their nominee the Republicans might hope to carry a number of Southern and border states and thus break up the solid South, has attracted a great deal of attention here. It is admitted by prominent Democrats from the South that North Carolina, Tennessee and Alabama are in danger of getting away from their ancient faith. Of nine members of the House from North Carolina, only three are Democrats, three being Populists, two are Republicans and one an "independent protectionist," who really belong in the Republican camp. Of ten Congressmen from Tennessee four are Republicans. All four of the Representatives from Tennessee are Republicans. The protection idea is rapidly growing in these states and Democratic leaders in Congress are fearful of the result of the coming Presidential election.

ARIZONA AND NEW MEXICO.

Anti-Free Silverites Deferred Action on Admitting Them.

Washington, Feb. 13.—The House committee on territories held a warm session yesterday over the bills to admit Arizona and New Mexico into the Union. For several weeks it has been apparent that there was a disposition among some of the opponents of free silver in the committee to postpone favorable reports on those bills at least for the present to prevent the increase of the free silver strength in the Senate. Yesterday the fight culminated when, while the bill to admit Arizona was under discussion, the committee voted 6 to 5 to adjourn. It was erroneously reported about the House to-day that the vote was taken on the Arizona bill and that the bill itself had been defeated. Although as stated the opponents of free silver were responsible for the postponement of action on the bill all the opponents of free coinage on the committee were not in favor of deferring action.

UNCLE SAM'S NAVY

Is Growing Rapidly in Strength and Size.

Washington, Feb. 15.—Owing to the rapidity with which the work of constructing naval vessels is being pushed, no less than eight ships will be added to the naval lists and be ready for commission before the first day of next July. A statement of the work in hand just prepared shows that 97 per cent of the work on the big battle ships Massachusetts has been completed while on the double turreted monitors Puritan, Terror and Monadnock that done is represented by 91, 98 and 99 per cent respectively. The battle ship Oregon is so far advanced that only 4½ per cent of the work remains to be done on her. As for the three gun boats building at Newport News, the Nashville, Wilmington and Helena, though 26 per cent of the work is yet to be done, the builders are sure that the ships can all be in commission before July 1st.

A BIG DECREASE.

In the Production of Sugar in Cuba.

Washington, Feb. 17.—Consul General Williams has submitted to the department of State, tables prepared by a competent sugar statistician, showing that on January first only 25,000 tons of sugar had been received at Havana of this year's crop, against 145,337 tons received at the same date last year.

United States Consul Hyatt, at Santiago, reports under date of February 1, that the planters in that part of Cuba are now grinding the unburned portions of their cane. The work is much retarded because the hands cannot be induced to work at night, fearing attack by the insurgents. If sugar-making proceeds undisturbed the consul predicts a half crop in his district.

COST OF COAST DEFENSE.

Estimated That It Will Reach $70,000,000.

Washington, Feb. 13.—Gen. W. P. Craighill, chief of engineers of the army, has written a letter to Senator Squire, chairman of the committee on coast defenses, on the subject of cost of the engineering work planned for the fortifications of the 27 principal coast cities of the country, as recommended by the Endicott board in 1826. Gen. Craighill places the outside cost at $70,000,000, but he thinks it possible to do the work with $60,000,000, if it can be done under the continuous contract system and for $55,000,000 or less, if the eight-hour law were not applicable.

LOW RATES

From China Will Drive American Ships Out.

Washington, Feb. 13.—There has been a heavy reduction in freight rates from China to New York, amounting to a cut from $18 to $6 per ton. United States Consul Seymour, at Canton, says that American sailing ships will be driven out of business by these low steam rates, and he says American commerce would be greatly benefitted if similar rates of freight could be obtained from the United States Atlantic ports to China, as at present all American goods shipped to China must be transferred in Europe and pay two freight rates.

APPLIED IN THE ARTS?

Carnegie Will Apply Roentgen Rays to Iron.

Washington, Feb. 12.—The possible uses of the new process of photography involving the application of the cathode rays in determining the existence of secret flaws in metals, are now about to be tested thoroughly at the Carnegie works where a large amount of naval construction is under way. The proper apparatus has been secured, and the experts there are now at work to demonstrate whether or not the new rays will penetrate thick bodies of metal. If this can be done the importance of the process from an industrial standpoint can scarcely be over-estimated. It will be possible to secure an exact knowledge of the nature of the metal of great guns without running the risk of explosions; defects in the shafts of ocean steamers can be developed before the shafts break, and thereby cause loss of life and property, and steel castings used for structural purposes can be accurately tested before being put in place.

SECRETARY MORTON.

Criticised in Congress and Not One Friend to Defend Him.

Washington, Feb. 18.—The agricultural appropriation bill occupied the attention of the House yesterday. A great deal of criticism of Secretary Morton was indulged in on both sides of the political aisle, but as on Saturday, no one arose to his defense. At last, Mr. Pearson, of North Carolina, arose and asked if there was not a member, Democrat, Populist or Republican, who would raise a voice in defense. His question was greeted with a chorus of "noes" from all sides of the House.

The omission in the bill of a provision for a chief clerk of the bureau of animal industry at a salary of $2,000, which was made upon the secretary's recommendation, led to the insinuation that the Secretary wanted to legislate out of office P. F. Lysle, a free silver Democrat from Missouri, the present incumbent, who was appointed on the recommendation of the Missouri Senators, and it was intimated that Secretary Morton's action was an attempt to retaliate upon Senator Vest for the latter's attack on him in the Senate about two weeks ago.

An amendment was pending when the House adjourned, making mandatory the appropriation provision in the bill for the distribution of seed. It was understood that Mr. Cousins, of Iowa, would to-day offer an amendment directing the Secretary of the Treasury to withhold the payment of Secretary Morton's salary until this provision was executed.

THE GOLD RESERVE.

Treasury Officials Weep to See Gold Drawn to Buy Bonds.

Washington, Feb. 18.—Treasury officials are a good deal exercised over the fact that so much gold is being withdrawn from the sub-treasury in New York to pay for the new issue of bonds. One hundred millions of bonds were sold, on which the Treasury ought to realize including the premium paid, about $112,000,000. The fact is that the Treasury will not realize $75,000,000 in new gold; that is, fully $35,000,000 of the gold used to pay for the new issue of bonds will have been withdrawn from the Treasury.

The gold reserve at the close of business yesterday afternoon was $86,203,309. Of this amount, $71,436,649 has been realized from the sale of the new bonds. As the gold reserve, on the day the bids for the bonds were opened, was about $42,000,000, it is clear that already all but $23,000,000 have been withdrawn from the Treasury to pay for the bonds.

It is expected by the Treasury officials that a considerable amount of gold will be withdrawn to make future payments on the bonds, and it is a problem whether the reserve will reach the hundred million mark. As the gold brought from the Treasury is now all in the hands of the Treasury officials it is nearly certain that the Treasury will gain little on future payments.

TERRELL TRIUMPHS.

Took the Case Against Missionary Knapp From the Turks.

Washington, Feb. 18.—The State department has received a report by cable from U. S. Minister Terrell, at Constantinople, in reference to the case of the American missionary Knapp, who was arrested at Bitlis by the Turkish authorities, on a charge of inciting rebellion, on the evidence of certain Armenians who are now in prison. Mr. Terrell cables Secretary Olney that he has secured a suspension of the proceedings against the missionary, and a safe conduct for him whenever the mountains can be crossed, to Constantinople, where the minister himself will examine into the case. Mr. Knapp will bring with him three women and five children. When the news of Mr. Knapp's arrest came to Mr. Terrell, he demanded that he be either released or that he (Terrell) be permitted to try him, and this cablegram indicates that he has succeeded in the purpose of removing the case from the Turkish officials.

RECENT BOND ISSUES.

Senator Hill Stirs the Feelings of Senators Tillman and Stewart.

Washington, Feb. 18.—There was a sharp controversy in the Senate over the Peffer resolution to investigate recent bond issues. Mr. Lodge (Rep., Mass.) moved an amendment to have the committee on finance make the investigation.

Mr. Hill (Dem., N. Y.) opposed the resolution, declaring that the Senate should not dignify vague rumors by investigation, as it had done the charges that Senators speculated in sugar stock.

When Mr. Hill said that no charges had been made against the President or secretary of the treasury, Mr. Stewart (Pop., Nev.) said that he would make charges.

As action was taken upon it at 2 o'clock, under the rules, it went to the bottom of the calendar.

HARD ON THE SPORTS.

A Bill That Forbids Telegraphing Bets.

Washington, Feb. 13.—In the House yesterday Representative Gillett, of Massachusetts, introduced a bill providing that any person who is a party to the transmission by telegraph, telephone, mail, express or otherwise from one state or territory to another, of any gambling bet or report of such bet on any race, prize fight or other event, shall be deemed guilty of misdemeanor, punishable for the first offense by fine or imprisonment, and for subsequent offenses by imprisonment only.

Postal Exchanges With Canada.

Washington, Feb. 18—Arrangements have been made between the postal administrations of the United States and Canada for a change in distribution schemes for several of the registry mail exchanges between the two countries, caused by the addition of two new exchanges of registered pouches to be locked with the international rotary lock and to be operated under the system of hand-to-hand receipts. The new exchanges are Malone, N. Y., and Montreal, and Utica and Montreal.

AMELIE RIVES MARRIED.

She is Now Princess Troubetzkoy, and Will Leave America.

Charlottsville, Va., Feb. 18.—Amelia Rives Chanler and Prince Pierre Troubetzkoy, a Russian nobleman, were married at 3 o'clock this afternoon at "Castle Hill," the home of Col. Alfonse Rives, father of the authoress. Paul L. Menzel, D. D., of Richmond, Lutheran clergyman, performed the ceremony. It was witnessed only by members of the family, Miss Julia Magruder, the authoress, and Allen Potts, of Richmond. The couple remain here for some time, and afterward they will take a trip abroad. They will live in London, the home of Prince Troubetzkoy.

The bride was divorced last October from John Armstrong Chanler, of New York, to whom she was married in 1888, while at the height of her literary fame.

FIFTY-FIVE KILLED.

Another Mine Horror—This Time in Colorado.

Denver, Col., Feb. 18.—A special to the Times from Glenwood Springs, Col., says: "A terrible explosion has occurred in the Vulcan coal mine at Newcastle, and 55 miners are reported to have been killed." No further particulars have been received.

The St. Paul All Right.

New York, Feb. 18.—The International Navigation Company has received word from Newport News that the examination of the hull and engines of the steamer St. Paul had been completed, and that there is practically no damage to the hull of the ship. The ship will sail from New York, February 26, unless detained in dry dock by lack of water to float her.

Got Religion and Confessed Murder

Omaha, Feb. 18.—A special to the Bee from Waterloo, Ia., says: Moses Trustdale, of Kenosha, Wis., was converted at church last night and to-day confessed to the murder of William Sheldon at Leadville Sept. 1, 1890. The Colorado authorities have been notified and the man detained. He gave the full details of the crime and declared his desire to atone for it.

THREE HUNDRED GIRLS

In a Burning Building at Troy, New York.

Troy, N. Y., Feb. 18.—A small boy carelessly throwing a match into a pile of oily waste, a blasting mass of flames, 300 girls and women frenzied with fright fighting for life as the hot flames chased them with hungry tongues, was the beginning of a fire last night that consumed thousands of dollars' worth of property and caused the destruction of many lives.

It was just 30 minutes before closing hour in Stettheim & Co's. shirt waist factory on River street, and the 350 girls and women were working rapidly to finish up. In the cutting room on the fifth floor the 150 girls were closing up their day's assignments and preparing to leave, when the whistle blew. Lillie Kreiger, who was working near a machine, called to a small boy to light the gas over her work. The boy struck a match and threw the burning stub to the floor. It struck a pile of oily rags, and in an instant the girl was enveloped in flames. With her clothes and hair burning, she rushed to the window, and in an instant the room became a struggling, shrieking mass of humanity, filling the windows, the fire-escapes and the only stairway. Jamming and pushing, tearing each other's clothes from their backs, turning into narrow corridors to find a sister or mother or friend, the number being augmented every minute from those from the other floors, the girls and women fought for their lives to get away from the fiery flames that seemed to grow to monstrous size. With rare presence of mind, Policeman Farrell, who was on the street, seeing that in the panic a number were liable to jump, let down the awning over the entrance. Barely was it done when two or three forms came flying from the fourth and fifth stories, and bounding from the awning fell to the sidewalk.

Lillie Kreiger, over whose machine the fire started, was one of these. She struck the awning, fell on her back and bounced to her hands and knees on the walk. She got up and staggered about until people helped her to her feet again. By this time nearly every window had a female form dangling from it, and when the firemen arrived there was a hustle to get the ladders up.

At the center window on the sixth floor a woman hanging by her hands was forced out by the flames licking her face. With a last shriek, she let go, and came tumbling over and over until she struck the pavement. When picked up, it was found that she was Mrs. Herberscher. Her spinal column was forced through into her brain. Just below her in another window hung another woman turning appealing glances to the crowd. The black smoke was pouring from the window, but as yet no flames were visible, and the crowd yelled encouragingly to her to hold on. But a high red flame leaped out just then and licked her face, and in an instant her body was debounding from the pavement. She was Mrs. Foley, a widow, and when picked up was dead. On the same floor, hanging from another window was a woman, and salvation in the shape of a ladder was almost within her grasp, when her strength failed, and she went twirling to death. She was Mrs. Kane. The firemen and police worked like heroes, and to their energy was due a great saving of life. At least a dozen women and girls were carried down the ladders or dragged out the corridors, the officers and firemen going into the midst of the smoke and flames.

The flames ate down through three floors so quickly that the Western Union Telegraph Company, Jessup & Goepener Crockery Company, and Van Zandt & Jacobs's collar manufactory had no time to save anything.

About 8 o'clock the firemen heard shrieks coming from the two-story building on the south. They discovered an Italian peddler named Joseph Rossi who kept a stand in front of the building, pinioned by the legs under a heavy beam. Three policemen started to assist him and with a fireman worked for three-quarters of an hour. They had just about gotten him loose when with a roar the great south walls came crashing down and the horrified spectators saw the brave little group buried from view. When the smoke and dust had cleared, there was a rush of willing workers and in a little while the men were taken out. All were injured and had to be removed to the hospital.

The Italian will probably die, but the brave policemen while badly hurt, will recover.

Superintendent Willard of the police force says he saw a number of girls at windows who never came out, but fell back into the flames.

One fireman who was working from the same saw three girls with their arms tightly around each other turn frenzied and jump back into the flames. Some of the women who escaped tell of stumbling over prostrate bodies, and are positive that a score of girls perished. The girls who did escape live in various suburban places and hurried away so that until the roll is called in the morning the exact number of missing will not be known.

Lottie and Nellie Hull, sisters, grasped each other tightly by the hands and started down the stairs from the sixth story. At the landing of the fifth floor they encountered a wall of flame and smoke. Lottie threw her dress over Nellie's face and together they went through the flames. Lottie's hair was burned completely off when she reached the sidewalk, but Nellie was burned only about her bare arms. They were taken home.

The firemen worked last night with the thermometer down below zero and suffered very much.

Two coroners were summoned and a jury was empanelled to care for the dead.

ALL Are Accounted For.

Troy, N. Y., Feb. 18.—Insurance men estimate the loss on the Burdette building at $40,000, two-thirds covered by insurance; on the McCarthy building the damage, mostly by water, will not exceed $3,000.

Following is the list of dead:

Mrs. Catherine Kane, 195 Fourth street.
Mrs. Margaret Carroll, Monroe street.
Mrs. Johanna Doyle, Fifth avenue.

Two are fatally injured.

Mrs. Martin and Miss Millie Bradt are missing. They were at work on the upper floor, in the office.

The whereabouts of others mentioned as missing last night, have been accounted for. It is not now believed that there are any bodies in the ruins.

MRS. POWELL ARRESTED.

The Alleged Poisoner of Springfield Arrested at Delaware.

Springfield, O., Feb. 14.—Mrs. C. M. Powell, the ex-boarding house keeper here, charged with poisoning five people, was arrested last evening at Delaware, at the instance of T. S. Maloney, father of two children alleged to have been poisoned.

Clement Powell, her husband was seen to-day, and admits that he married her May 10, 1895, in Delaware county, under the assumed name of Brown; also that she left him, and went to Columbus with a married man. He denied that she poisoned her father's children, claiming that they died since she arrived in Springfield, and he charges that Maloney's letter is simply spite work, because she sued him for $10,000 damages for calling her a thief. He does not believe the poison stories.

SIGNED BY MORTON.

New York's Retaliatory Insurance Bill a State Law.

Albany, N. Y., Feb. 18.—The signing of the "retaliatory insurance bill" by the governor was a victory for the American companies, who have made a hard fight.

Governor Morton said in attaching his approval to the bill: "The immediate occasion of the passage of this bill is said to be the difficulties or obstructions encountered by several New York life insurance companies in transacting their business in a certain foreign country in which they were arbitrarily excluded and prohibited from transacting business.

BEAUTIFUL GIRL'S FATE.

Death Resulted From Chloroform Administered by Her Ravishers.

Sheldon, Ia., Feb. 18.—Three days are the lifeless body of Maude Strawn, a handsome school girl 18 years old, was found in her room at her married sister's home. Suicide was the theory. Yesterday A. L. Bull and G. Morello were arrested. They were charged with having accomplished her ruin by administering chloroform which caused her death.

REX IN NEW ORLEANS.

Distinguished Assemblage Viewed the Approach of the Monarch.

New Orleans, Feb. 18.—Rex, king of the carnival, arrived yesterday afternoon on the revenue cutter Forward, with the largest retinue in his history. Cardinals Satolli and Gibbons, the Illinois Club, the Michigan Press Association, and many other notables viewed the parade.

THE DOW TAX RAISED.

It is Now $350 Per Year Instead of $250, in Ohio.

Columbus, O., Feb. 18.—The Goodale bill to increase the Dow tax to $350, was passed by the Senate this morning with very little trouble. There was some discussion but no speeches. An effort was made to have further consideration postponed, and Mr. Garfield also moved an amendment to make the tax $500. Both of these propositions were voted down and the bill passed without change by a vote of 21 to 15.

Those who voted for the bill were: Senators Brown, Crandall, Dana, Falloon, Fleischmann, Hankey, Harper, Herron, Hogg, Hutsinpiller, Hysell, Morgan, Pluemer, Porter, Rodgers, Shattuc, Shryock, Sparks, Sullivan, Tissandier, Whittlesey.

Voting "No" were: Senators Avery, Clark, Conley, Cromley, Ely, Garfield, Hamilton, Harbaugh, Howard, Johnson, Jones, Valentine, Vogt, Welday, Williams.

An explanation of this vote is that most of those who voted against the bill desired to see the tax raised to $500, and favored compelling the House to act on Senator Dana's bill.

Senator Brown introduced in the Senate this morning a bill reducing the fees of tax inquisitors from 20 per cent to 10 per cent.

A bill introduced by Senator Sullivan provides that foreign insurance companies shall not be required to make the $50,000 deposit with the Ohio insurance commissioner, when they had already a deposit of at least $200,000 with a duly authorized official of the state in which the company is incorporated.

Several minor and local bills were passed by the Senate.

The House spent the morning on the third reading and passage of a number of bills, most of them being of a local nature.

Mr. Bro